

The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y

NOVEMBER 1932

25 CENTS



KARL W. DETZER · W. O. WOODS · ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR.

Back Home and...



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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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NEXT MONTH: ANNUAL CONVENTION NUMBER

IN ACCORDANCE with established custom, the December issue of The American Legion Monthly will contain a detailed summary of the proceedings of the National Convention. Be sure to preserve the December issue for future reference. It will be your guide-book to Legiondom for 1933—a score-card of Legion and Auxiliary objectives, a full statement of the programs and policies adopted by your delegates at Portland.

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Won in the 10th

The Extra Inning of an Extra Game

Set the Stage for the Finale of the

Greatest Ever Legion Junior World Series

By Alexander Gardiner

CAPTAIN JIMMY FRAICHE of the New Orleans Zatarain Pa-poses strode to the plate with a do-or-die look on his face. There were men on first and second and it was up to him to make good as he had made good in an earlier game when he slammed out a home run. It was now the tenth inning of the fourth game of the Legion's Junior World Series, the first time in the six years of the boy baseball games that a fourth game had been necessary to determine the champion.

Silvio Giovannelli, the Springfield, Massachusetts, lad who was pitching his twenty-seventh inning in four days, shot up a fast one. It was almost shoulder high, and Jimmy took a vicious cut at it. The two on base were off as the bat met the ball, as were the Springfield left and center fielders. Mounes of New Orleans sped around third and home as Peloquin, the Springfield center fielder, not quite able to reach the ball on the fly, quickly recovered it and threw it to the catcher. It was too late. The run was in, and as it turned out a few minutes later, was sufficient to bring the championship to New Orleans, although the Louisiana

ever, and the two teams capped a marvelous performance by Legionnaires and townspeople of the New Hampshire metropolis by playing like big leaguers all through the four games. And what a crowd those boys—none of them yet seventeen—played to! The total attendance was over 30,000, and though the Manchester and New Hampshire Legionnaires who had charge of the games were pretty liberal about admitting small boys free, the series paid its way, which is another record. Russell Cook, National Director of the Legion's Americanism Commission, says so, and as he and his assistant Charley Wilson know every angle of the competition which they run each year, you may be sure it's so.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who doesn't need an introduction to any Legionnaire, Tom Shibe, President of the Philadelphia Athletics, and Dan Sowers, former National Director of the Americanism Commission, all of whom had attended all the previous Junior World Series, headed the group of notables of the world of baseball, government and business who attended the opening day ceremonies and were guests of Legionnaire

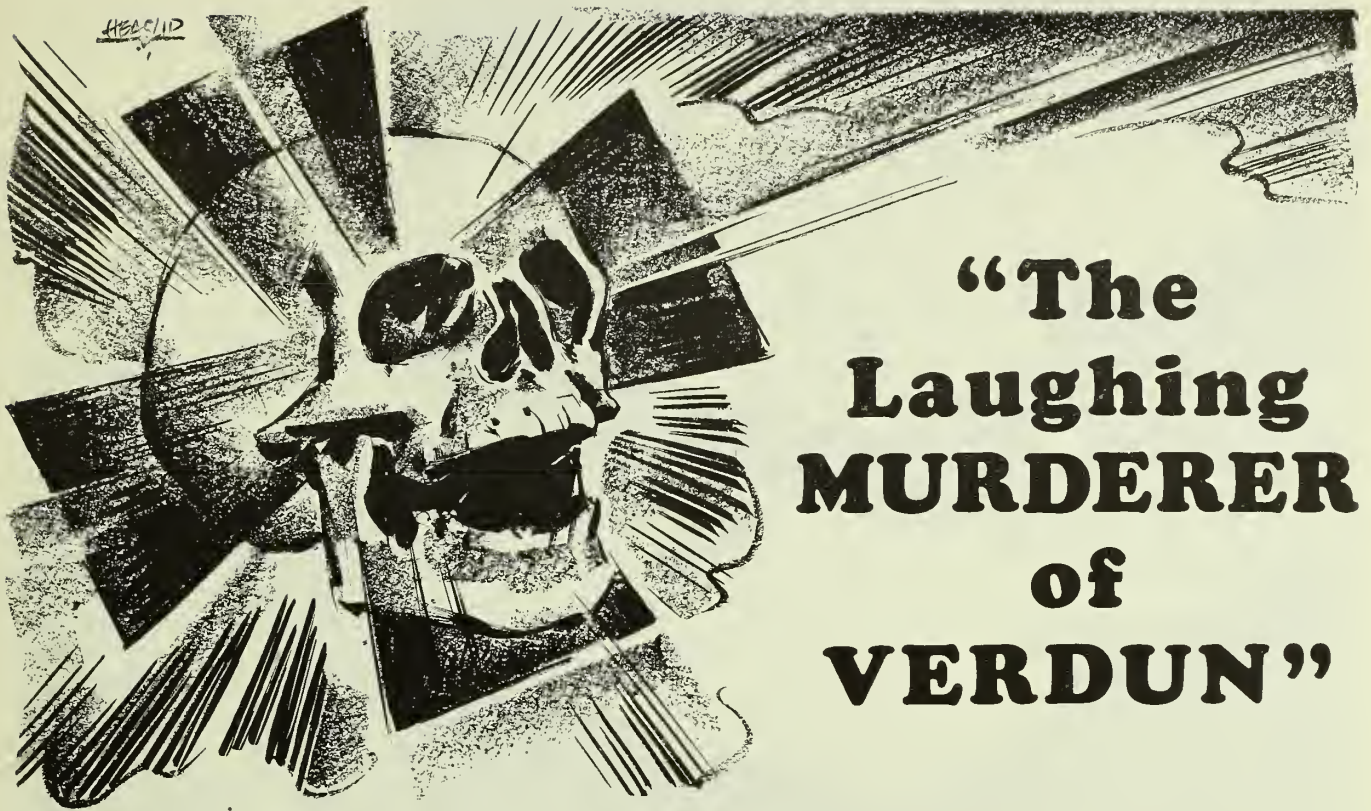


Captain Jimmy Fraiche, brilliant shortstop of the New Orleans team which won the Legion's Junior World Series at Manchester, New Hampshire, hitting out a home run in the second game of the series. Jimmy's hit in the fourth game brought home the bacon for his team. Captain Pete Siciliano of the Springfield, Massachusetts, team behind the plate, and Umpire Charley Donnelly of the National League

boys sent in another tally to make assurance doubly sure.

That was the most thrilling moment in a series that was packed full of thrills. Manchester, New Hampshire, which had proved itself in previous years in entertaining regional and sectional games, made good its boast that it would put on the best series

Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire at a luncheon at the Manchester Country Club. From the big leagues, which again contributed \$50,000 toward the expenses of the competition, also came President Alvah Bradley and Business Manager Billy Evans of the Cleveland American League team, (Continued on page 56)



“The Laughing MURDERER of VERDUN”

EVEN today, fourteen years after the last gun was fired, there are men who shudder, the cold hand of fear gripping their hearts, at mention of Verdun.

But what do *you* know of Verdun? What do you know of its strategic importance? What do you know of the German princeling who was called “the laughing murderer of Verdun” by the Berlin newspapers?

Doubtless you recall Verdun as a focal point of the war. You remember the enemy’s almost ceaseless efforts to batter their way by sheer weight of numbers to that mighty stronghold. But do you know the story of Verdun as “a battle of madmen in the midst of a volcano . . . where whole regiments melted away, others taking their places to perish in the same way?”

That is Verdun as described by a French staff officer. That is Verdun as it is told in the Source Records of the Great War . . . Verdun where half a million men were hurled mercilessly, helplessly, hopelessly into the maw of the hungry guns.

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SINGLEDGE

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For more than thirty years, GEM has played a *straight* game. We've waited until now to offer a *doubled-edge* blade, because we hadn't yet perfected a double-edged blade that did *not* have to be *curved* in the frame.

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And we spent \$660,000 to create a more *efficient* one.

Unit construction. No removable parts. Unbreakable and unwearable. Heavier, handier, handsomer. And *too simple* to go wrong.

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The correct shaving angle is shaped in the beveled head, which lies flat to the cheek and *compels* you to shave with the swift, long, gliding stroke that the *barber* uses.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

★ *The National-Commander Says -*

LET US GO FORWARD *to the* HEIGHTS



1932 greets 1933: Henry L. Stevens, Jr., congratulates his successor, National Commander Louis A. Johnson of West Virginia

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PORTLAND CONVENTION

RESOLVED, That The American Legion endorses and urges full and immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates, and that the national officers be instructed immediately to proceed before Congress toward enactment of this legislation.

RESOLVED, That there be appointed a committee to investigate, study and suggest to our National Executive Committee, any changes which will correct any injustices either in the existing legislation or in the administration thereof to benefit either the veteran or the Government, with authority to call to the attention of Congress any abuses or failures in the administration thereof; and be it further

RESOLVED, That any major changes suggested in veterans' legislation resulting from such investigation shall be referred to the next and succeeding conventions of The American Legion with such recommendations as may be appropriate.

WHEREAS, During the past critical year The American Legion has again demonstrated its mighty strength in peacetime

Louis A. Johnson

Following his unanimous selection as National Commander by the Fourteenth National Convention at Portland, Oregon, on September 15th, the new chief of Legiondom addressed the delegates as follows:

MY COMRADES: A few moments ago my heart was so full of thankfulness to you that it would have been impossible for me to have said a word. Now, in thanking you, may I say that you have elected me without a commitment of any type or character; that I wear no man's yoke and will wear no man's yoke during the Legion year excepting that of the rank and file of The American Legion. I pledge to you that every ounce of energy I have, that whatever ability and capacity I may have, will, God favoring, be given to carrying out honestly and faithfully, and as intelligently as may be, the mandates of this convention.

With all my heart I shall endeavor to do my part, but how far we go in accomplishing our objectives depends upon the help of the rank and file. I shall have but two guideposts, God and country, and to that banner, God and country, I now call you. May I illustrate. In olden times on festal days the Lacedaemonians were wont to bring together the pick of the youth of the nation, men, I believe, such as are gathered here today, and at daybreak these young men would start forth to demonstrate which should stand first among the Lacedaemonians. On the particular morning that I want to tell you about, four young men started, each the flower of his particular tribe, seeking to bring back glory for his tribe by climbing highest on yon distant mountain. In the early afternoon the first of the four came back bringing in his hand a sprig of the oak tree to show that he had climbed the mountain to the point where the oak stood sturdy above the storms. Later in the day the second came back bringing a sprig of pine to show that he had climbed the difficult mountain to the point where the oak no longer grew, and only the pines stood against the storm. The day was nearing its end when the third came back bringing in his hand a mountain (*Continued on page 58*)

service; has brought relief to hundreds of thousands of suffering humanity; has found jobs for a million jobless; has met the social and industrial challenge with confidence and faith in the future; and has placed itself at the call of every community, each State and the Nation; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we re-dedicate our strength to the unfinished task before our country and our minds to the discovery and elimination of the causes of such widespread misery and suffering.

RESOLVED, That we favor the immediate repeal of the National Prohibition Act, and the submission to the several States by Congress of an enabling resolution repealing the Eighteenth Amendment.

DOUBLE

Monarchist Plot, Murder Involving Americans and Bond of the D. C. I. on the Job

Part One

THE first unusual event on the evening of April 11, 1919, in the north coast village of St. Alban, was the arrival of the six o'clock train at six o'clock. It steamed in excitedly, catching even the chef de gare napping.

Several passengers, country folk returning from a day's shopping at St. Brieuc, descended from the third class carriage, and Lieutenant Stewart Bond, American Division of Criminal Investigation, from the second class. He was a lank, loose-jointed, freckled officer of perhaps twenty-nine or thirty, given to the unmilitary habit of carrying his left hand in his breeches pocket.

An ancient porter overtook him at the station gates, wrested his single handbag from him, and proclaimed that a dinner fit for an angel's mistress awaited him at the Hotel of the Golden Whale.

Bond gave up the bag willingly when he heard the name of the inn. Dinner or no dinner, his plans already included the Whale. For there, the French secret police had reported, he probably would discover the individual he had been sent to question. He could do the business briefly. If the man were at the hotel, the matter could be cleaned up at once, and tomorrow the lieutenant be on his way back to Brest, with record clean and conscience clear.

Had it been murder, now, that called the D. C. I. to St. Alban, had Bond even guessed murder lurked around the corner, that would have been different. Murder, Bond would tell you, interested him professionally; the kind of job on which he had come did not. Moreover, the whole thing looked absurd.

This morning, in his office in Brest, the lieutenant had received orders from American General Headquarters to proceed at once to the watering place of St. Alban, and there investigate the cloudy affairs of one Arnold Merton, late colonel, infantry, U. S. A.

Bond had heard before, indirectly, of Merton. Two months ago the officer had been discharged, at his own request, to engage in business in France. The Army had been more than willing to grant him his freedom. Up and down France the colonel, already on the seedy side of fifty, had gained a flashy reputation for his



The door stood open. Bond's flashlight played on

pleasures and companions. Nothing that concerned the D. C. I., of course. Until today.

Today, through the French secret service, came disquieting reports that Colonel Merton, with a small, persistent group of royalists, was engaged in an ambitious and ridiculous plot to make France a monarchy again.

A political plot, with royalist trimmings! Even a good soldier

PROOF

*By Karl
W. Detzer*



the entrance hall as the other two drew back

like Bond, to whom orders were orders, had protested. The very idea was fantastic.

"If you want to get along in the police business, lay off the fantastic," an old detective sergeant had told Bond once. "Crime is everyday stuff, common as an old boot."

It was good advice, Bond knew. But could he argue with headquarters? If the indisputable powers at Chaumont decided

that a second lieutenant, D. C. I., should gallop half across Brittany on a fantastic errand, gallop he must.

The French had been specific enough. They reported that chief among the conspirators was one Baptiste Conceau, a wool merchant, who sported a castle near St. Alban, and claimed Bourbon blood. A second Frenchman, Brulais by name, who for some unexplained reason had escaped military service in spite of his obvious youth, was living now at St. Alban and was said by French officials to be involved with Conceau. Then there was a woman, frankly labeled by the *Sûreté Générale* "sans occupation, sans reputation"—a woman named Branche, seen recently with Colonel Merton at all hours of the day and night.

Bond lighted a cigarette. St. Alban seemed to be a pleasant, shabby village, high on its cliff; in season, he guessed, a prosperous and crowded watering place for a well-to-do middle class.

"Any Americans here now?" he asked the porter.

"But certainly!"

"At this season?"

"Already at this season, two," the old man replied. "There is the Colonel Merton. . . ."

"An American named Merton?"

"But certainly. You never hear of the Colonel Merton? You shall, then. He has been here only two months and already all the coast knows him. The other is the M'sieur Kelly of Boston. These many years he lives at the Golden Whale."

"Kelly?" Bond repeated. The French had not reported him.

"To be sure, the M'sieur Kelly, the artist, of Boston. Art," the porter confided, "is not a paying occupation. Until the rich colonel arrives, the poor M'sieur Kelly has not paid his lodging for nineteen months."

Bond smiled. "Convenient he arrived."

"Ah, yes, m'sieur."

In spite of short breath, the old man was garrulous. Bond, climbing the hill beside him, listened carefully to all that he said. The inn, he observed, was a pleasant structure, set high on the cliff with a broad westward view as far as the fishing port of St. Brieuc, and northward to the Channel Isles. It was almost a prepossessing building, with perhaps thirty rooms, and, the porter explained, the only tavern that stayed open after the season closed.

"Certain men must live there all winter, you understand. Your countryman, M'sieur

Kelly, our good banker, M'sieur Durtal. . . ."

Bond, not being interested in the town banker, interrupted:

"This other American you were talking about, Merton you called him. . . he's living at the hotel?"

"He dines there. He has rented a cottage nearby where he sleeps and conducts his business."

"And what business?"



"My ears are not faulty," Durtal persisted. "Guns at this hour have no good intent"

The porter set down the bag and spread out his hands. "Who knows? But ah, the man is made of money! Even M'sieur Durtal shows him respect."

Bond was assigned to a room overlooking the main entrance, on the wing of the building away from the sea. Dinner, in the country fashion, would be at six-thirty. So he made a quick toilet and descended to the large, bare dining hall.

As he entered he looked about expectantly. His own table, close to the windows on the north, stood ready for him, and in the center . . . Bond paused, almost inclined to be amused. This assignment was proving even easier than he had hoped. In the center of the room, about another table, five persons were standing.

Bond catalogued them rapidly. One was Colonel Merton, easily recognized from the French police description, a large man with a flat nose that might sometime have been broken, with pockets big as hen's eggs under his eyes, a square jaw, flushed cheeks, and scant gray hair. The woman clinging to his arm was of unguessable age, but not unattractive, in spite of her bleached hair and her make-up, which might have been put on with a whitewash brush. Across the table from her a smallish man with a thicket of red mustache and a blotched complexion was pouring a drink from a bottle at the moment, and two others, both Frenchmen, stood at their chairs.

Bond strode forward. Since he was a single American, it was possible that they might welcome him, particularly if they had drunk sufficiently. Were he bold and smart enough to manage it, he would be a long step ahead.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Your pardon, madame?"

Merton turned and looked coldly at him.

"You don't know . . . why, it's magnificent to see Americans," Bond said. "If you'll excuse me," he addressed Merton directly, "my name's Bond, a lieutenant . . ." he began to stammer . . . "I'm on leave . . . I thought, sir . . ."

"You're an impudent tramp," Merton growled. "There's a lady here . . ."

"Oh, forgive me," Bond said hastily, "I . . . I'm sorry, sir." He shrugged and started back toward his own table. The scheme had not worked.

"Wait a minute!" The man with the red mustache set down the bottle and came forward. "We're all good fellows, here! Come back and sit down, young man! My eye, Merton, he's just homesick. Get a *maladie* for the States myself now and then . . ."

Merton stuck out his square jaw.

"He'd better wait to be asked," he said, and sat down.

"I didn't wait, first time I saw you." The man with the red mustache grinned.

Bond halted. The little American knew how to get around his fellow countryman. Merton seemed mollified.

"I'm Kelly, one of the famous Boston Kellys," the cordial one jested. "This lady is Madame Branche. I'm presenting Lieutenant Bond, Fifi. Call her Fifi, Lieutenant, everybody does."

Merton growled. The woman, as if she were afraid of him, replied in a sighing voice, and the lieutenant bowed. Kelly called for an extra chair.

"Here's M'sieur Brulais." He waved cheerily toward the first of the two Frenchmen, a thin, colorless man of thirty, with

Illustrations by V. E. Pyles

everybody else around here in the shade. Meet Lieutenant . . . what'd you say your name is?"

"Bond."

"Gilt edged and preferred. Shake hands, Conceau!" Kelly again took up the bottle. "And this," he shouted, waving it at the ex-colonel, "is the illustrious Arnold Merton, pockets full of coin and throat full of thirst, eh, Merton?"

Again the ex-officer took no offense. Directly, under Kelly's violent prodding, he was even joining in the sallies, and though Kelly continued to talk the part of host, it was Merton, as the minutes went on, who kept the glasses level, including Bond's, and who ordered the food.

It was easy, in view of the others' hilarious spirits, for Bond to keep a fairly discreet silence, answering only such inquiries as were directed insistently at him. He was on leave, he explained, seven days plus travel time.

Within ten minutes he had decided that he had been right and General Headquarters wrong; the French government took Merton too seriously. And judging from the liquor they consumed, his friends were hardly a menace. The D. C. I. need only report that a rich, drunken American and some French sponges were talking too much. But with no real danger to republican France. The Arc de Triomphe would not topple.

The senseless Kelly was singing when the apples and cheese were brought in. Bond, who was facing the door, had just lifted his knife when he saw the stooped, grayish man enter the dining-room quietly and start toward the table. The next moment Merton also had observed him, and arose unsteadily.

"Papa Durtal," Kelly whispered. He got to his own feet and the other men followed. Bond, with his back half turned toward Madame Branche, saw that the newcomer wore a perplexed expression, as if the drunken scene before him did not please him.

Kelly shouted: "Hello, J. P. Morgan! Merton's had a grand day, raked in the old coin! Have a drink!"

Durtal shook hands properly. He looked quickly at Bond, and the lieutenant guessed from the wide, unwinking stare of the banker's left eye that it was glass.

"Cleaned up thousands," Merton admitted. His face was crimson, but at the sight of this newcomer a shade of courtesy had come into his voice and manner. "Just got back a bit ago from St. Malo. Sit down. Have a bite."

"I dined elsewhere tonight," Durtal refused. He bowed formally as Kelly introduced Bond. His greeting to the two other Frenchmen was familiar.

But his manner was so detached that the lieutenant realized that for all Merton's apparent connection with him, the banker did not belong in so boisterous a crowd. He was too somber, too precise, for noisy company.

"I merely was curious to know if you had succeeded," Durtal asked Merton enigmatically, "and to talk our situation over with you, tonight, perhaps. It is important."

"Tomorrow," Merton amended. His improved manner became expansive. "Made fifty thousand francs today, sir," he confided. "Fifty thousand!" He laughed gloatingly. "I'm a lone wolf, Durtal, and it's my night to howl. And will I howl?"

lusterless eyes. "And that little twig over there is M'sieur Conceau, who's got a family tree that puts

Fifi," he turned amorously toward the woman, "will I . . . ?"

He stopped abruptly as he looked at her and his face quivered. The flush darkened swiftly to a red, and Bond glanced backward in time to see that the colorless young Brulais was leaning forward with his hand intimately on the woman's white shoulder. He drew it away as the eyes turned upon him, but Merton already had knocked over his chair and was charging around the table, his face malevolent with fury.

"Take your hands off her!" he shouted.

"Oh, I'm sorry, m'sieur . . ."

But Merton was in no mood for apology. His long arm swung out and a broad palm slapped sharply across Brulais' cheek. Conceau jumped up, protesting. The woman flung herself upon Merton, begging him to be calm.

"Calm?" he roared. "With that puppy mauling you? I'll kill you, Brulais, if you touch her again!"

Brulais backed away stiffly. Before morning Bond had reason to remember his next words. "When it comes to killing," the Frenchman said precisely, "we'll see! I've been insulted. I do not permit that."

He wiped his face gingerly with his napkin, which he dropped carelessly to the floor, and keeping his eyes on Merton, backed to the door.

Merton picked up his chair and cried for liquor. The others stood by awkwardly. Kelly, apparently through jesting, poured a stiff drink and gulped it. Conceau, the other Frenchman, refused. Fifi was crying.

Only Bond and the banker were composed. The latter scratched his nose thoughtfully and stared at the floor, his good eye as inscrutable as the glass one.

"This excessive drink will make an end of you, Merton," he prophesied, adding, "We'll talk when you're sobered." He bowed politely and walked through the door.

Bond found excuse to depart almost at once and went directly to his room. He could leave tomorrow. There was nothing further to investigate. Merton, with money, gambling no doubt, was surrounded by a group of parasites. If there was talk of a royalist plot, it was merely drunken talk. The French government need not lose an hour of sleep.

From his window Bond watched Kelly depart. Walking slowly, almost dejectedly, the little artist found (Continued on page 52)

"Three shots!" the Frenchman cried. "Out there, outdoors somewhere!"



FAST ASLEEP : MILLIONS *of* DOLLARS

By Thomas J. Malone, Based on an Interview with
W. O. WOODS
Treasurer of the United States

IN A time of business slack, when creditors widely have reported slowness in collections, there are thousands of holders of past-due, "matured" Liberty Loan bonds and Victory Liberty Loan notes, and of past-due interest coupons on all the World War issues, who seem in no hurry for their money. The volume of these sleeping bonds and coupons that Uncle Sam stands ready to redeem at any time runs into the millions of dollars.

The Treasury has been asked why these holders do not present these past-due bonds and coupons and get the money, as it can be had for the asking. Officials of the Treasury disclaim having any specific information on the subject. Such opinions as any of them may have on it seem to be, like those of men outside, largely personal and conjectural.

Many of the holders of these matured obligations are believed to be leaving the money with Uncle Sam in full knowledge of their rights and of his readiness to pay on demand. They are leaving it and getting no interest on it. Interest on the principal ceases when a bond matures or when it is called for redemption in advance of maturity, and past-due interest coupons bear no interest. Of the World War issues, the Second and Third Liberty Loan bonds and the Victory notes have been matured or called, and on all such past-due instruments your Uncle has the use of the funds without its costing him a cent. Everybody satisfied.

Still other persons have lost or otherwise been deprived of their war securities, and so have been unable to recover face value or interest as they came due. Besides outright loss, such causes of deprivation may enter as theft, destruction by fire or by chemicals, depredations by rodents, litigation over ownership, deposit as collateral or in escrow, concealment from heirs, and so on. The plight of these one-time or potential holders is a different story; but again Uncle Sam is the gainer. He pays only on adequate proof of claim.

Even ignorance of the nature

A down payment on an application for a Liberty Loan bond. Many persons paid for their certificates and then put them away, believing that the bond was merely a beautifully engraved receipt for money given to help win the war





An effective poster by Herbert Paus used in one of the campaigns to supply the sinews of war

and meaning of a bond and unawareness of value may figure somewhat. The Treasury recalls an instance of a man's inquiring of it when he should pay the interest on his Liberty bonds. Rumors have been current that some buyers of Liberties regard them merely as receipts for money which they thought they were giving outright to their Government to help win the war.

The latest available figures on World War issues that permit addition of the "matured" face and "outstanding unpaid" interest items are found in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931. On that day, these two items were, for the matured face, \$11,752,700; and for the past-due interest, \$26,027,018.77. Their combined total was nearly \$38,000,000, representing the amount of dormant war-issue bonds and coupons—payable on presentation, on which the money could be had, and on some of which could have been had

The first time this signature appeared on Uncle Sam's paper money was on certain \$10,000 bills issued in November, 1929. It is now used on all currency issued by the Government

for years, any time on demand, through proper channels, to the Treasurer of the United States.

Thirty-eight million dollars is a tidy sum. It is relatively very small, however, when considered in connection with the amount of the three called-or-matured war issues, which aggregated \$12,478,884,050, and with the total interest that had been paid on all the war issues from 1918 to June 30, 1931, which was \$7,673,542,764.92. The Treasury has reported the matured-debt figure on the war issues as \$9,264,500 on June 30, 1932, a reduction of nearly two and a half million dollars in the year (all the rest of the twelve and a half billion having been paid or refunded). The 1932 total of outstanding unpaid interest is not available at this writing.

There is reason to believe that a large part of this withheld

paper will be cashed in time. The total of old matured debt of the United States, issued prior to April 1, 1917, on all government obligations, including Civil and Spanish War loans, had dwindled to \$1,591,640.26 on June 30th last. It appears that matured-debt paper that is in existence and in hand sooner or later finds its way for redemption.

Just as some persons maintain good-sized savings accounts without knowing at any one time how much they have in them, keep them not for use but for the sake of having, so, probably, some holders of Liberty bonds put them away in a safe-deposit box or in the old bureau or under the rug or behind the picture or under the loose board or beneath the orchard stump, and never disturb them, either to clip coupons or to cash in the principal when matured. They are convinced that the security behind such holdings is the best in the world and are satisfied with security only. They hoard bonds as other persons hoard gold. They may be fully aware of their interest rights, but never bother to assert them.

Uncle Sam finds no fault with such persons for so acting. The bonds are their own, to do with as they please. Confidence in one's government so strong as to cause willingness to forego collectible interest is not a negligible quality in citizenship.

It is likely that there is another class of holders who through sheer ignorance fail to keep their bonds current, who are not aware that certain war issues have been called or matured and that their interest coupons of later date are no longer payable. Take, for example, a bond of the Second Liberty Loan, converted issue, bearing $4\frac{1}{4}$ percent interest, maturity date, November 15, 1942, but callable on or after November 15, 1927. The loan was called on that date, fifteen years before maturity, thereby automatically annulling the thirty coupons of farthest dates on each of its bonds. Some of the holders of such bonds, and of bonds of the other called or matured issues, may be astonished and dismayed when they learn, by presenting coupons of the annulled block for payment, that they are valueless, no good, duds. But delayed coupons of dates on or before a date of call or maturity are always "live" and payable on presentation. In fact, such coupons are being paid (Continued on page 48)

CLEVER, *these*

by
Fairfax Downey

Illustrations
by *John Cassel*

ALMOST as soon as the world called us Americans, it had to label us ingenious also. The early settlers were fired by the inventive spark. When living conditions were hard or inconvenient, they were not content simply to endure. They did something about it. So on them was fastened the tag of American or Yankee ingenuity, and it is not boasting to say that it has been increasingly deserved.

Neat contrivances by our forefathers are our heritage along with the quality that inspired them. Many of their inventions are still good in the original form. Others have taken a surprising turn to develop into some article in everyday use.

The spur to invention might be cold weather or some other discomfort. In the case of Ben Franklin writing in his Philadelphia library one summer day, the stimulation was a covey of early American flies.

The pests buzzed around the baldish head of Poor Richard and both his hands were busy with quill, sand box, and what not. Need he cease his scrivining, swear and smite at the flies? Not he. He merely pressed a foot on a treadle attached to the chair in which he was seated. The treadle rotated a rod which extended up the back of the chair and ended in a cross bar above his head. From that bar were suspended strips of cloth which swished back



Upsets were common until around 1820, when a genius made the discovery that they could be prevented by lengthening the rockers

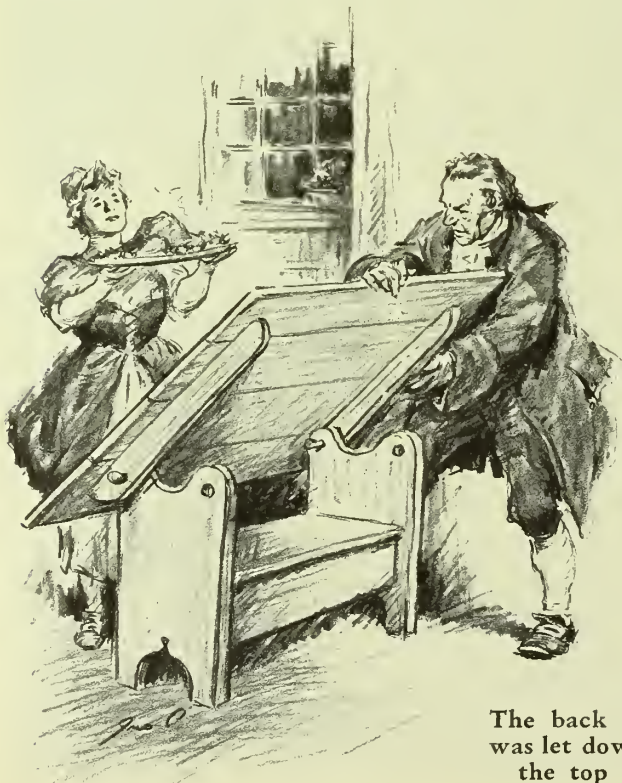
and forth with the motion of the rod. Exeunt the flies, completely baffled. On an unscreened porch such a chair would be handy today.

Shift the scene to another picture of ingenuity in Monticello, the Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson. He and Franklin were the Edisons of their day. The host presiding at a banquet saw that a distinguished guest was about to propose a toast. The claret in the glasses was low and the bottles on the buffet empty. There was no time for the colored butler to hasten to the cellar to obtain replacements, but Mr. Jefferson gave him a signal.

The butler stepped swiftly to the mantelpiece, opened a door concealed in its side and whispered down an aperture. There was a soft sound of ropes and pulleys. Up from the wine cellar directly below rose a small dumb waiter bringing a fresh bottle of claret. The toast was saved. Changes are rung on this same device nowadays—under conditions which the author of the Declaration of Independence never foresaw.

Apartments and small suburban homes completed a cycle beginning with the compact dwellings of early Colonial times. Since both families and furniture are given to increase, the settler became as cramped in his two-room log cabin as does the tenant in his two-room flat. Expansion in homes was not and is not always immediately practicable. One must take into account the Indians or the rent, as the case may be. How did our ancestors solve the space problem?

Pioneer craftsmen met it with folding beds and such double-duty pieces as chair-tables and settle-tables. When a table was needed, the back of a chair or settle was easily let down on its pivotal wooden pins, becoming the table top; stools furnished the seats. When the table was no longer required, its top was raised and at least one of the stool sitters—usually father—was grateful for something to sit down on with a back to it. A settle-table with the top up could furnish seats for two. One such specimen has a small shelf in the center of its chair-back to hold a candlestick for the convenience of readers seated on both sides of it.



The back of the settle was let down, becoming the top of a table

YANKEES

THERE'S MANY A HINT FOR US IN THE GADGETS OF YESTERYEAR

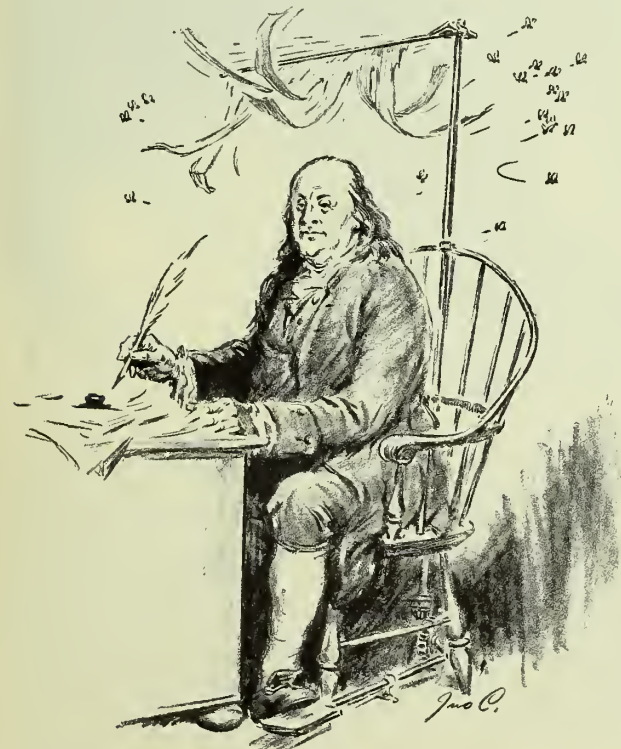
Should the occupants be a young couple not caring to be thus separated and convinced that reading could not hold a candle to sociability, the shelf between them could be let down flat against the back.

Seats and tables happily combined thus into one article of furniture which is serviceable in modern breakfast alcoves. Next arose the problem of where to put away the crockery. Lacking pantries and closets, the answer was the corner cupboard. As a space saver and a decorative note in a room, it still is unsurpassed.

We in our weather-tight homes are prone to forget the drafts which whistled in through the chinks of pioneer houses. It was those chill currents of air which caused the invention of the wing chair with its protective sides. Other inventors contributed hurricane shades to stop the flickering and extinction of candles. Bed curtains made it possible for a sleeper's head to stay out from under the covers, a head which otherwise would have come up for air only at long intervals.

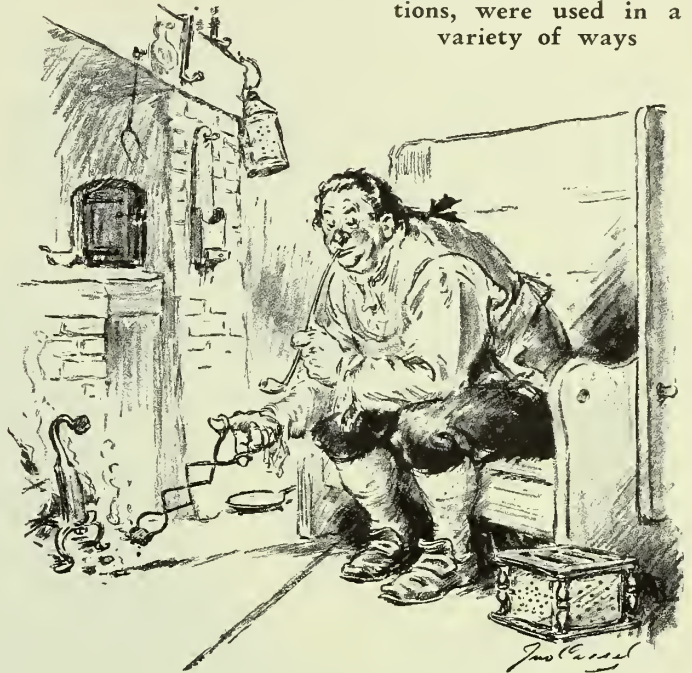
A frigid winter night in those days could not be held lightly and forefathers and foremothers had need of making clever provision toward weathering it. No wonder they used the last of the embers in the fireplace to fill that blessing, the warming pan, and spare themselves the Torture of the Cold Sheets, which would have been a favorite with the Inquisition had Spain been a cooler country.

Naturally, those who had retired for the night wished to avoid getting up if possible. Hence the headboards of beds were equipped with trim shelves holding medicine bottles, candles—anything to save an excursion out into the polar atmosphere. There were also secret cupboards craftily concealed in the bases



The strips of cloth which the bar switched back and forth over Poor Richard's head put the flies to rout

The lazy tongs, one of many Franklin inventions, were used in a variety of ways



of the footposts of beds, a far better repository for valuables than under the pillow.

As larger houses were built, the necessity of stools which could be put away in a small space disappeared. Chairs multiplied and far fewer people began to complain of cricks in the back or to lean their elbows on the table. Craftsmen turned their attention to chairs, not only giving rest and comfort to the spinal column for most of its length, but even up to and including the neck by means of the comb-back extension. Conversation chairs permitted the sitter to straddle the seat and rest his arms on the top rail of the back. The idea of the rocking chair dawned, but it was not entirely a happy contraption until 1820, when some genius by lengthening the rockers prevented the altogether too common upsets.

Jefferson devised a Windsor chair with a broad right arm for writing. Another feature of this chair was its double seat with the top part revolving; this was probably the first revolving chair. John Ripley's writing chair showed an improvement in that its right arm was up-tilted at the end, saving bending over.

In addition to his shoo-fly chair, Franklin contrived a library chair worthy of more modern imitation than it enjoys. Lifting the seat of this chair raised a stepladder whereby Franklin could climb to reach the books on the top shelves of his study. He also was prepared for this same task by a development of the lazy tongs. With these he could reach aloft, grasp a volume and bring it to hand. Another Franklin invention was a trick method of locking the door while in bed; a pull on a cord hanging near the bedstead dropped an iron bolt through the top of the frame into a socket in the door. Ben also improved the smoke-jack, an iron mechanism of revolving fans inserted in the chimney. Draft from the fire whirled the fans and they rotated a sprocket connected with the spit transfixing the roast. Before the invention of the smoke-jack, the long, hot job of turning the spit and insuring that the meat course had all-around cooking was the duty of trained dogs harnessed to it or of unhappy young scullions.

When we camp out today, we ought to be thankful for the utensils which our progenitors developed under the necessity of cooking in the open fireplace of the (Continued on page 51)

BACK *of the*

Badoglio's Come-On Idea Wired to Foch in a Code the Germans Understood Probably Shortened the War

by
Col. John H. Parker
U.S.A. Retired

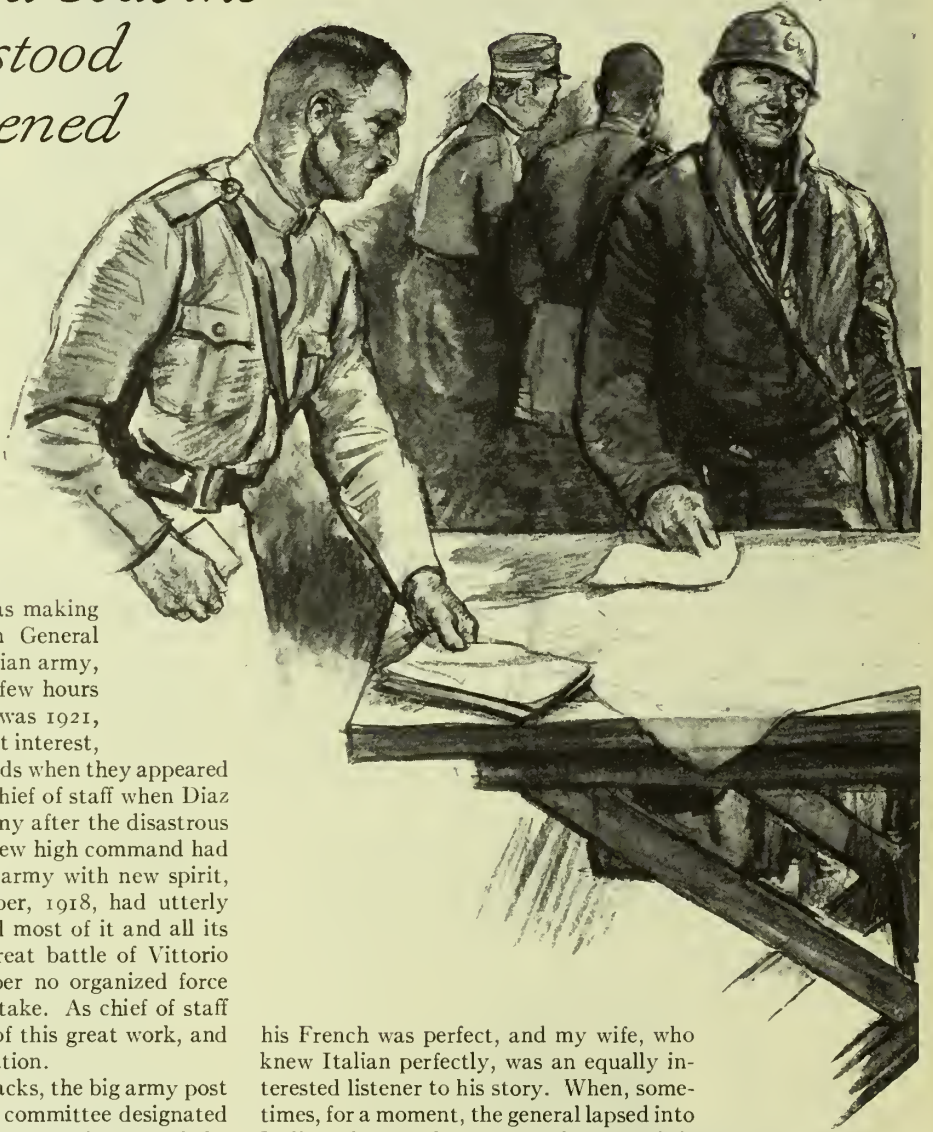
AT ST. LOUIS the Italian colony was making great preparations to entertain General Badoglio, chief of staff of the Italian army, who was to visit that city for a few hours during his tour of the United States. It was 1921, and the World War was still a topic of great interest, its principal figures still drawing great crowds when they appeared in public. General Badoglio had become chief of staff when Diaz was appointed to command the Italian army after the disastrous events on its northeastern frontier. The new high command had restored Italian morale, had inspired the army with new spirit, and at last, in the first days of November, 1918, had utterly smashed the Austrian army, had captured most of it and all its arms, had restored the frontier at the great battle of Vittorio Veneto, and had on the sixth of November no organized force opposed to any movement it might undertake. As chief of staff General Badoglio had done his full share of this great work, and had knowledge of the whole military situation.

As commanding officer at Jefferson Barracks, the big army post near St. Louis, I became a member of the committee designated by the mayor to formulate a program for entertainment of the distinguished guest. One of the items on the program was a visit to Jefferson Barracks to inspect the post and to meet the officers. This occurred at a reception at the commanding officer's quarters, where, as his host, there was an opportunity to meet General Badoglio and to have a quiet hour of conversation with him. Like the present writer, the son of a small farmer, the opportunity to enter the great Italian school that corresponds to our West Point had come to him as a young man, and he had adopted the army as his life occupation. He had risen on his merits through all the grades, and at last on the sixth of November, 1918, found himself in charge of the great Italian headquarters during a temporary absence of General Diaz, then with the king at a fleet inspection. For the moment General Badoglio was in command.

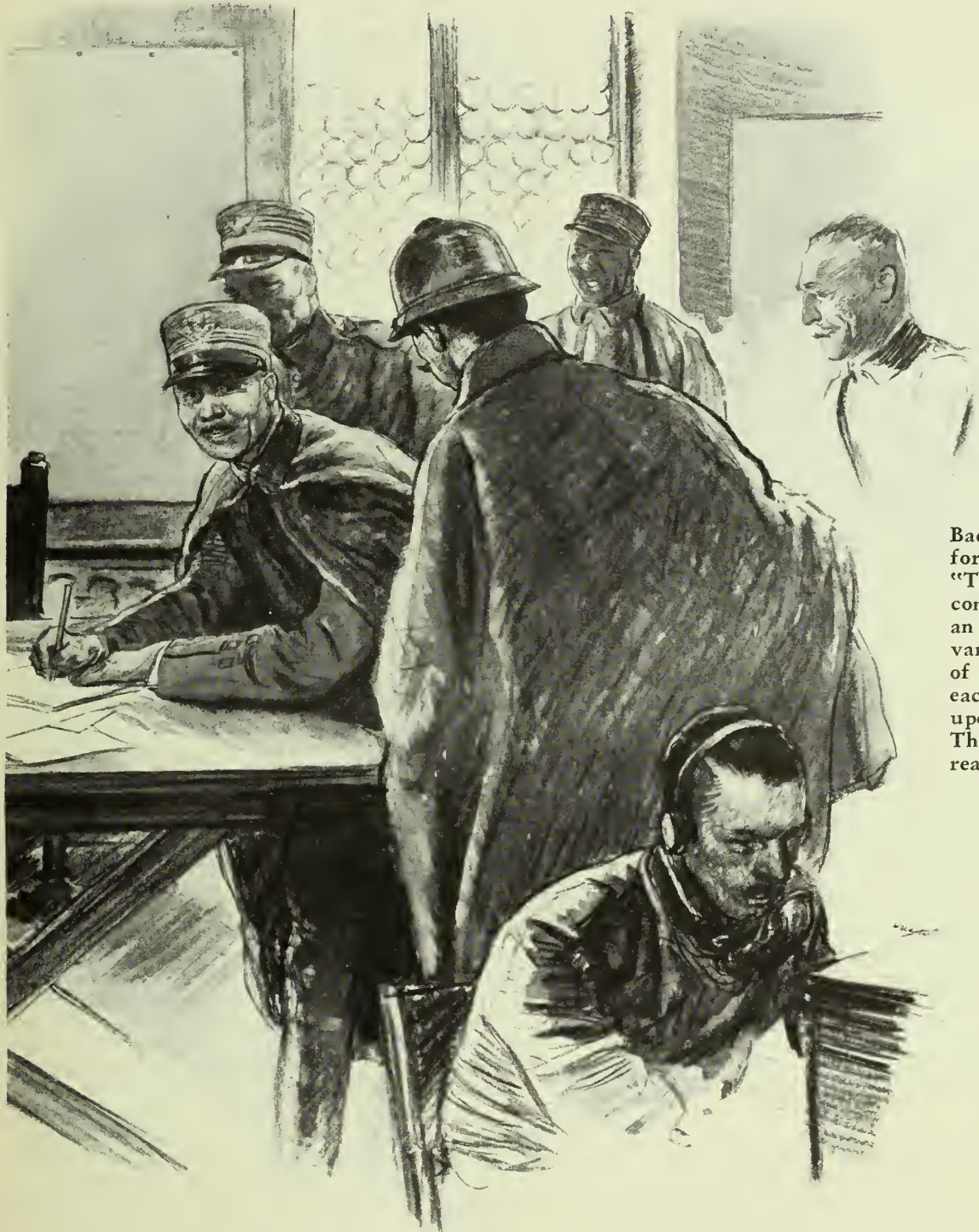
The story of that day, as General Badoglio told it to me, was of absorbing interest. His command of English was not good, but

his French was perfect, and my wife, who knew Italian perfectly, was an equally interested listener to his story. When, sometimes, for a moment, the general lapsed into Italian, she was there to translate, and it is believed we got the story correctly. It is told now, for the first time, from memory, as there was no opportunity to make notes at the time.

I think it was the sixth of November; it might have been the fifth, for memory is not quite clear as to the date. That morning General Badoglio had the map of Europe before him, and was studying the reports of progress before him. The kaiser had just been deposed, and Prince Max, of Baden, had assumed the reins of government in Germany. The French and Americans were smashing their way to Sedan and control of the Sedan-Metz railway, possession of which would compel the Germans to withdraw behind the Rhine on a shorter, more defensible position, with ample troops still available to man the new line, and still ready to fight like cornered rats against invasion of the dear fatherland. They would have plenty of troops available behind



ARMISTICE



Badoglio wrote out for the telegraph, "The Italian high command proposes an immediate advance of five armies of a million men each, all converging upon Munich . . . The Italian army is ready to move at once"

that barrier, on that shorter line, and immense losses for the Allies were inevitable if it had to be carried by assault.

The British, Belgians and Americans were pressing forward in Belgium, where Audenarde had just fallen to the American 91st Division in a wonderfully executed tactical maneuver in battle. The Germans were hastily backtracking from the country they had so grossly invaded in violation of all treaties in 1914, and would be compelled in a few days to stand on their own frontiers to protect their own soil from invasion.

In Bulgaria the French army under General Franchet d'Espèret

had just compelled the surrender of all hostile forces opposed to it. Rumania had at last been liberated, the enemy on that front being completely beaten and unable to resist any longer. In Palestine Allenby had conquered all opposition, and Constantinople, under a new revolutionary government, had sued for peace.

Badoglio saw something on the map of Europe. In Bulgaria a victorious Allied army under one of the really great commanders, (Continued on page 63)

*Illustration by
Herbert M. Stoops*

They COME to LOOK.

Window Shoppers, Through the
Skilful Persuasiveness of Retail
Stores Experts, Become Purchasers

By Fred C. Kelly

Illustrations by George Shanks



The highest-priced neckties and shirts
are bought by women to give to men

WHEN we see a beautiful woman in a bright red dress it is a fairly safe conjecture that she bought it herself. At any rate, her husband, or sweetheart, did not buy it for her. Any shrewd merchant, when laying in a stock of high-priced gowns, is cautious not to buy too many red ones, because his knowledge of human nature tells him he can't count on selling them to men customers for presents to their women folk. He knows that a man almost never buys a red dress for a woman in whom he is seriously interested. A man may buy her red underwear, or red lounging pajamas, but not a red dress. If bright red is especially becoming to her, that may be all the more reason why he won't buy it. The explanation is simply that men do not like their women to be too conspicuous. Since red has high visibility, and red dresses are exceptional, a woman in red is decidedly noticeable in an average social group. If a woman attracts attention—especially of other men—there is danger of annoying competition for her society. If she is beautiful she is conspicuous enough *without* red. If she is *not* beautiful, her escort is naturally almost equally reluctant to have the spotlight on her.

Wearing a red dress doesn't necessarily prove that one is an exhibitionist. A woman may like red because of a sentimental feeling dating back to childhood. But the fact remains that red is a good eye-arrester and is likely to make the wearer conspicuous. It seems probable that this will always be true. If the women who wished to be noticed were *all* to buy red dresses, regardless of objections by their men folk, then red would soon become so commonplace that its purpose would no longer be accomplished. Since no such concerted move seems likely to occur, red dresses suitable for wear in public places will probably never be much more numerous than they are right now.

By this time, a few readers are doubtless saying my psychology is all awry—that men *do* like to appease their own vanity by having their sweethearts appear conspicuous. If not, why are men so strutting when they escort beautiful women to gaudy restaurants? The answer is that when a man seems to be glorying

in the public attention he is gaining by means of a beautiful woman at his side, the chances are that the woman is not his sweetheart; more likely she's some other fellow's sweetheart. She is his girl for one evening only. He is having all the personal aggrandizement, all the fun, without the risk—without risk of losing her, for she isn't his to lose. It is much the same idea as when one goes to an unconventional party where everybody grows chummy with everybody else. A man may have a high old time at such a party, provided he left his own wife, or his own sweetie, at home. Then he has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Every man wishes to have his own woman appear as a lady—modest, inconspicuous. If she has her hoydenish moments, when she likes to bedeck herself in barbaric colors, he prefers that she do this in a select company consisting mainly of himself. He doesn't worry about his friends not knowing how attractive or alluring she is. All the better joke on them!

One of the ablest department store managers in the country who has devoted his life to studying shoppers' tastes tells me he feels sure the average man never grows entirely reconciled to having his wife appear in extremely low-cut evening gowns. He seldom buys such gowns for her as a gift. He would almost as soon see her make a public appearance in flaming red! Because of this subconscious aversion to having his wife exhibit her charms too freely, a man is always a good potential customer for an evening cloak—because the cloak conceals her. Hence, the same man who pleads hard times when his wife desires a new evening dress, may act generously enough if she wants a cloak to go *over* her evening dress.

While women are compelled to buy their own red dresses, quite the reverse is true of higher-priced underwear. Costly, hand-embroidered lingerie is bought mostly not by the women who are to wear it, but by men friends as gifts. A shrewd merchant, with a big lot of expensive underwear on hand, can estimate with fair accuracy about the average age of the men who will pay for such finery. He knows that most of the men who buy such gifts will be at least forty, and the majority will be past fifty. Young men do not ordinarily have money to spend on such finery. Moreover, having the charm of youth, they are more capable than older men of winning feminine affections at a minimum outlay of money. As a man grows older, he is often obliged to supplement his own personality by acts of generosity. Even though his women friends are not mercenary and are unconscious of liking him for what he buys, there is no gainsaying that if he proves to be a kind of perennial Santa Claus, his popularity is enhanced. His women friends may forget why they are glad to see him coming. They just know he is somehow a welcome visitor. Thus it happens that when a merchant is stocking up his underwear department, he may pick up a filmy little garment, to be priced at \$34.75, and say: "Ah, a dandy purchase for a man of sixty."

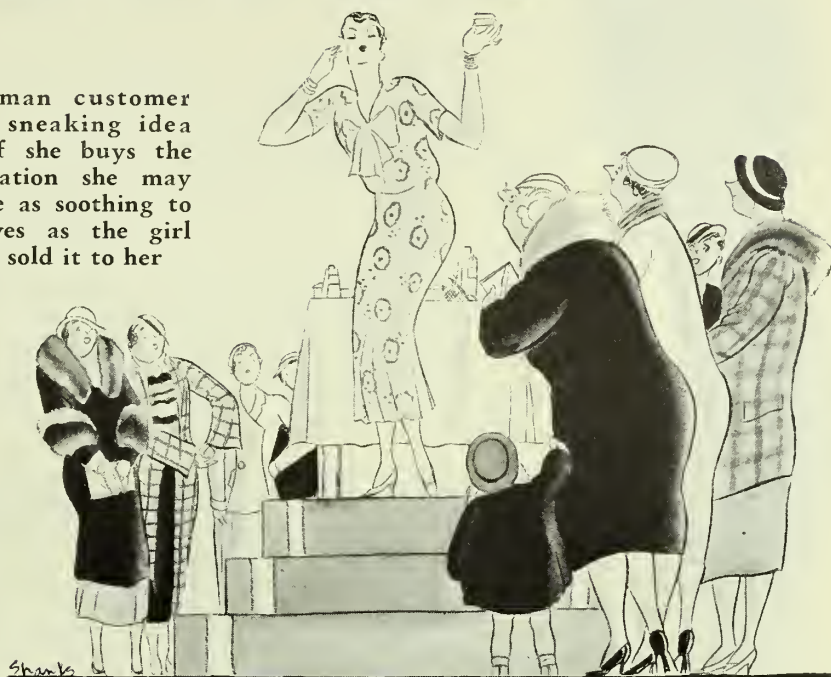
On the other hand, the highest-priced neckties, lounging robes, and shirts are not bought by men but by women to give to men. However, while a man seldom buys for himself the most costly ties in the shop, he is particular about colors in the ties he does

but STAY to BUY

buy. One may usually flatter a man more easily by complimenting him on his tie than on his new suit or overcoat. Nothing about his dress is so personal to a man as his necktie. In the colors of his tie, he shows his real self. Secretly wishing he might dress as gaudily as one of the king's horse guards, or a hotel doorman, a man may wear the most conservative of clothes—all but his cravat. If he craves a red tie he probably wears a red one—if not solid red, at least red stripes or red spots. Two men out of three prefer blue neckties to any other color. This is doubtless for the same reason that the majority of men favor blue clothes. (They even buy blue when making gifts of clothes to women.) The reason, even though a man may be unconscious of it, is that blue makes him look more healthy. Most of us in these days of indoor work do not get enough exercise and do not have enough color in our faces. Whatever color we do have there is emphasized or exaggerated by a blue coat, or a blue tie, near the face, for blue is the opposite or complement of the yellow-red tint which we call flesh color.

Clever salesmen at necktie counters have learned that it isn't wise to oppose a man's taste in his neckties, no matter how bizarre it may appear. If he is wearing a certain color because it recalls his first sweetheart, back in the home town, he would resent having a salesman tell him he should adopt some other color. I know a man of great wealth, always fastidiously dressed, who wears weird mottled neckties made by his grandmother, who lives in a distant State. If he wore them because he met her often and wished to please her, that would be understandable. But he never sees her. He wears them for some secret reason, probably

A woman customer has a sneaking idea that if she buys the preparation she may become as soothing to the eyes as the girl who sold it to her



The average man never grows entirely reconciled to having his wife appear in extremely low-cut evening gowns



having to do with his early childhood when he spent his summers with his grandmother.

In a time of reduced buying ability, good merchants know that women shoppers will buy according to fundamental law of self-preservation. That is, they will preserve their own appearance even though they neglect their homes. Carpets and furniture may need replacing but women of the household will not do without facial creams or lipsticks to save money for a rug. Between a new chair or a fur coat, they will choose the coat. One reason for this is that clothes are the most competitive articles a person buys. Comparatively few know conditions of the interior of one's home, but a woman's clothes are compared with her neighbor's, inevitably.

Mention of home furnishing recalls that the delicatessen idea has spread to items of home equipment as well as to food. Until a few years ago women devoted much time to making curtains for every room in the house. Today a housewife can buy almost any kind of curtain she desires ready-made. Smart merchants knew she would be easily won away from making her own curtains and placed temptation before her. Once a woman has bought a pair of ready-made curtains for her cook's room, she never again feels the same enthusiasm about *making* curtains for any room.

Any article which makes women conscious of one item of dress helps sales even though most customers do not like the item which sets them to thinking. An example of this was seen in the attempt in 1931 to have women all over the country adopt Empress Eugenie styles in hats. The effort soon flickered out. Yet sales in other designs of hats picked up far beyond expectations. Those Eugenie styles which women didn't like had nevertheless set them thinking about hats they *did* like.

Just as clever merchants are able to predict with fair accuracy what customers will buy, they also know from long experience what type of salespeople the public likes to deal with in buying different articles. It doesn't require much forecasting ability to say a pretty girl at the cosmetics counter can sell more goods than if she were not beautiful. A woman customer has a sneaking, subconscious idea that, if she buys a box of facial cream, or a certain hair tonic, she may become as soothing to the eyes as was the girl who sold it to her. It would be fatal to have a homely girl selling beauty preparations.

Slender saleswomen are always more (Continued on page 57)

BETTER—and

by
A.B. Bernd

ATLANTA'S GLAND CLINIC

George W. Crile of Cleveland, adhere to the upper surface of the kidneys.

Dr. Crile's statement is a somewhat temperate description of the importance physicians now attach to the adrenals and the other glands of internal secretion. The thyroid, for instance, is thought to control the energy production of the body, to regulate the process by which food is converted into living matter. The pituitary directs energy consumption and utilization and the growth of skeleton and certain tissues. What can happen when the pituitary is suddenly stimulated is illustrated by the case of the caddy who in a few months added eight inches to his stature after a golf ball hit him in the head. He didn't want those inches and so he went to court to get damages.

The parathyroids are concerned with the lime content of the bones, and nervous and muscular excitability. The adrenals, the "glands of combat," are effective in brain development and the reaction of the organism to the sudden demands of fear, anger and other emotions. The gonads are important in sexual development; while the thymus and the pineal seem to be brakes upon the too sudden emergence of adulthood.

What all this means to the individual may be judged from Dr. Louis Berman's recent statement that, of thirty-four winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor in the World War, at least twenty-three exhibited bodily indications that they were "pituitary types,"—that is, that the pituitary gland (specifically, the anterior or front part of it) dominated their automatic reactions.

The pituitary and the adrenals are thought to be the governing factors in the emotion we call courage. The adrenals alone make for belligerency, aggressiveness; the pituitary supplies the active, volitional element that raises combativeness into a virtue.

Napoleon, for instance, is analyzed by Dr. Berman as a "pituitary-centered" person whose final downfall was due to the dominance of the posterior lobe of that gland. "Besides," says the doctor, "his insatiable energy indicated an excellent thyroid, his pugnacity, animality and genius for practical affairs a superb adrenal."

MEDICAL science has not yet reached the point where it can make No. 8 in the last squad tall enough to be No. 1 in the first; yet today such an achievement seems distinctly within the limits of possibility.

In the laboratory, medical science has made rats twice the size of ordinary rats and tadpoles that are whoppers. Conversely, it has fashioned frogs no larger than ordinary house-flies. And, take it from the staff of doctors who aid the poor of Atlanta at the Good Samaritan Clinic, medical science has done a few amazing things in the regulation of human size. It has added six inches to the stature of a dwarfed youngster whose natural growth had ceased; and retarded the increase of another who was rapidly becoming such a giant as we see in circus sideshows.

It is, they tell you in Atlanta, all a question of glands; and the subject, under their enthusiastic guidance, seems simple enough for the layman to understand.

Throughout the human body are little collections of cells devoted to the manufacture of products needed for its correct functioning. Some of them—like the salivary and sweat glands—pour their liquids upon exposed surfaces. Others empty directly into the blood-stream; and are called, variously, the glands of internal secretion, the ductless glands, or the endocrines.

No one knows how many endocrines there are. Any organ which secretes its chemical (called "hormone," or "exciter") into the blood, is a ductless gland; yet certain parts of the body have a double property. The pancreas, for instance, directly affects digestion through the juice that it gives into the intestine, yet parts of the pancreas feed into the blood a hormone controlling the utilization of sugar by the liver. The gonads provide the fluid that insures the perpetuation of life; yet parts of the gonads supply a secretion to the circulatory system which regulates secondary sexual characteristics—the voice, the facial hair, and so on.

Certain of the glands, however, have no function thus far discovered save that of supplying modifying liquids into the blood. The pituitary, a cell-mass the size of a hazelnut, lies below the brain, fairly in the center of the head. The pineal, once called the physical home of the soul and at another time considered the vestigial remain of an evolutionary third eye, sits above and behind the pituitary. The thyroid hangs like a pair of saddlebags across the Adam's apple; while the parathyroids, four small grains, cling to the surface of the larger gland.

Below the knot in your necktie and extending down behind the breastbone, lies the thymus. The adrenals, or suprarenals, lately called a "second brain" by Dr.

MAYBE BIGGER

BRINGS HELP, SURE HELP TO HANDICAPPED HUMAN BEINGS

There is a possibility that the pituitary gland regulates the rhythms of sleeping and wakefulness; and recent experiments indicate that the extract of its posterior lobe keeps the salt in blood in the same ratio as the salt in sea-water, just as the thyroid maintains the iodine content in the same sea-water proportion. Evolutionists have advanced this fact as additional evidence that you and I have come by devious ways from an organism which once found its home in the ocean.

Practically all our knowledge of the part played by these little organs in the daily life of the individual has been acquired during the last fifty years. Much of it is the result of research by and clinical experience of Americans. The initial impetus to our pres-

tannica, which describes the man as a "British physiologist and neurologist." For, three years before his birth, Mauritius had been ceded to England by the French.

Brown-Sequard is today hailed by the medical profession as "the Columbus of the glands," and "the father of endocrinology;" yet he died (in 1894) in disrepute. Five years earlier he had made public the result of an experiment in glandular rejuvenation that was so naïve and unusual an undertaking that all the world had laughed. The venerable professor immediately became an object of ridicule.

He did not live to enjoy his ultimate triumph. Today he is honored as the discoverer of the intimate relation which internal



Medical science has made rats and tadpoles twice as large as ordinary by stimulating certain glands. And through those still mysterious agencies it can do amazingly helpful things for humans

ent science of endocrinology came from a man we might with some justice have called our fellow-citizen—though one must admit that two other nations have excellent reasons for making the same claim. Not unlike the case of seven cities wrangling over dead Homer is that of Brown-Sequard.

The father of Charles Edward Brown-Sequard was an American sea captain. His mother was a French woman. He was born on the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, in 1817. He studied medicine at Paris, practised in New York and married a niece of our own Daniel Webster. For a time he was professor of physiology at the University of Richmond, Virginia; later he held the chair of neuropathology at Harvard. When he finally returned to Paris, he became professor of experimental medicine in the College of France.

The claims of the United States and France for Brown-Sequard's allegiance are not supported by the *Encyclopedia Bri-*

secretions establish between various animal organs, the founder of the conception of endocrine function as we currently understand it, and the aggressive proponent of the idea that gland extracts can be administered as correctives to persons suffering from disorders of the ductless bodies.

Following in his footsteps, physiologists have made notable advance. Harvey Cushing's name leads the roster of those active today. Dr. Cushing (Colonel Cushing to you) was director of Base Hospital No. 5, Boulogne, and was later made senior consultant in neurological surgery for the A. E. F. His work has been devoted chiefly to the pituitary gland; his book on the subject is a classic in medical literature.

H. M. Evans, of the University of California, after Cushing's discovery that the two lobes of the pituitary performed different functions for the body, proved that the anterior lobe definitely governed the rate of growth, while the posterior had effect upon fatness or obesity.

Dr. W. B. Cannon of Harvard, specializing in research on the adrenals, has built up a theory of these bodies as the regulators of emotional emergency that undermines much of the dogma of the old psychology. Frederick Banting, a Canadian, by isolating insulin, the pancreatic hormone used in treatment of diabetes, has made the most spectacular glandular achievement of our time. E. C. Kendall, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, has separated the active principle of the thyroid.

Dr. Crile, another A. E. F.-er, (Continued on page 64)

WHERE,

*Everybody Knows
It's Hard to Find a Dead
Elephant, But Other
Animals Also Vanish
Mysteriously*

• • •

*by
Alexander Sprunt, Jr.*

*Illustration by
Forrest C. Crooks*

THE mysterious is always fascinating. Humanity delights to speculate, theorize and wonder about subjects which are little known and difficult of explanation. The field of general science offers more perhaps, in the way of unanswered questions than anything else into which man delves, and natural history is a phase of general science not lacking in this characteristic.

Such a puzzle as bird migration intrigued the ancients immeasurably and is not yet thoroughly understood. We have advanced beyond the limit of supposing that birds, when they leave us in the fall, bury themselves in the mud, or disappear beneath the waves of the ocean until returning spring, but we do not yet know where one of our most abundant species winters! We know much more about the fish which swim the seas than our forefathers did, but we cannot explain what governs the mysterious journeys of the eels. Why do some go to European shores from a common spawning place off the West Indies, and some cling to America's coastline? How do the little eels know where to diverge amid the trackless waters, each keeping true to its elders' range? What guides newly hatched sea-turtles invariably toward the ocean, even though a high ridge of dunes rears itself between them and their native element?

One can watch these mites struggle upward through the sands and begin their march toward the beach; one can lift them up, turn them around, tumble them over and over and yet, when unmolested, they veer unerringly toward the sea even though they cannot observe it. How is it possible that they *know*?

These are but passing examples of the mysteries of nature, but all of them have to do with *living* things. Not the least of unexplained questions of the natural world, is what becomes of animals and birds which meet death, violent or non-violent, in the woods or fields. Perhaps you are fond of hunting, or roaming far afield in search of what your eyes can see; have you ever found an animal or bird dead in the woods? And if you have, was not the



Skin and flesh are perishable items, but the years ago shows that somewhere are the smallest parts of these skeletons are seldom

day a red-letter one; was not such a find an experience of unusual character?

Being possessed of a decided inclination to explore the outdoors, I have wandered often in places where houses and streets seem, and are, very far away. Where only cathedral-like aisles open amid towering pines; where lanes of wine-brown water beckon alluringly through buttressed trunks of mighty cypresses, or along a wind-swept, wave-washed beach where palmettoes and coconut palms rear their graceful foliage above the sands. And on these wanderings along beach and shore I have sometimes found the debris of bodies long since dead, or maybe only recently

OH, WHERE ?



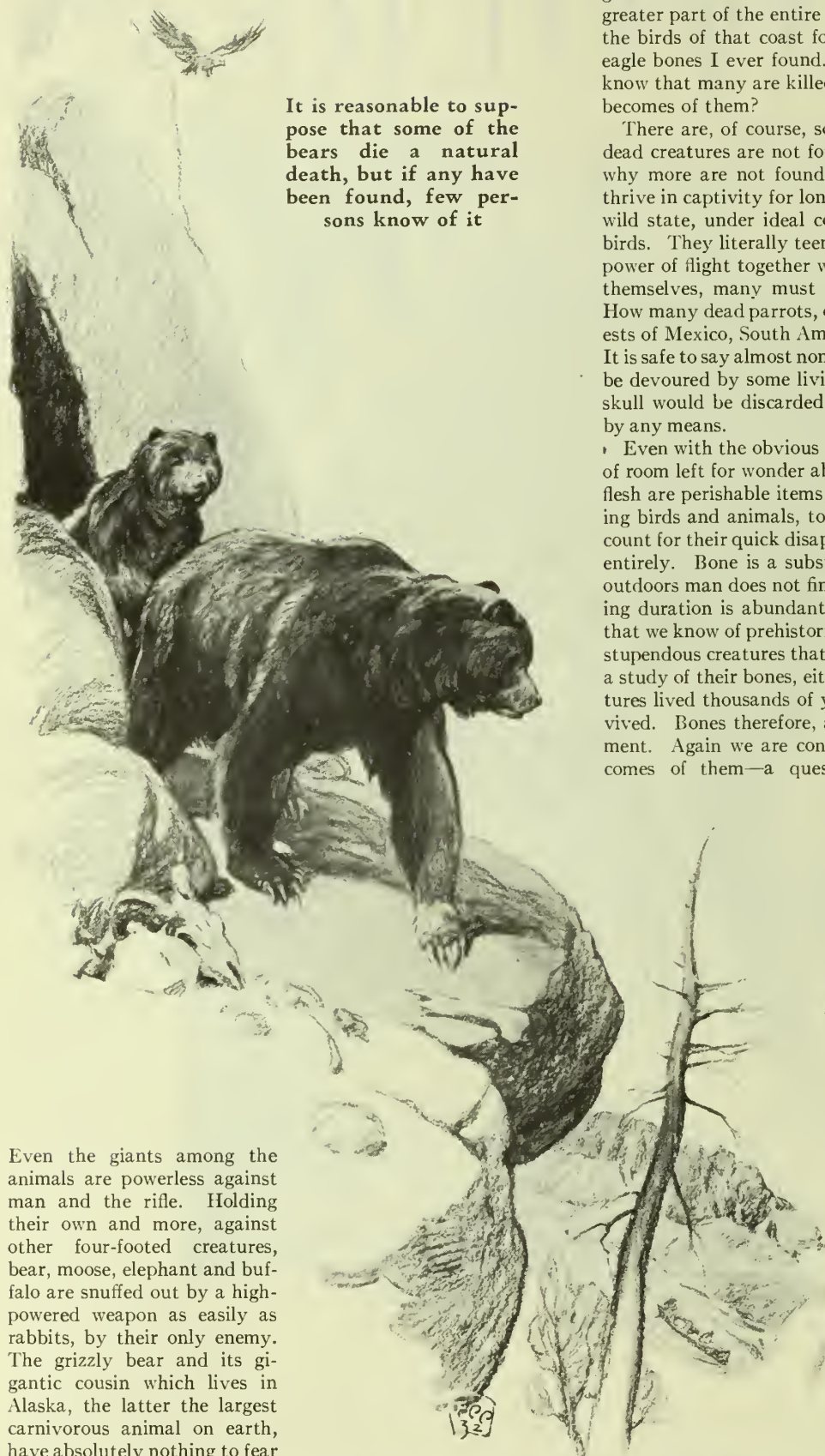
fact that men have discovered bones of animals that lived thousands of years ago. Yet even the bones of birds and beasts that perished in the last few years. Yet even the bones of the strong upon the weak, the survival of the fittest, he must

claimed by death. Looking at such battered wrecks of fur and feather I have often wondered how they met their end and what stress of storm or battle finally brought them low. But that I have found them at all is the point. These discoveries stand out like lighthouses amid the multitudes of living things that I have seen. These living creatures have been fascinating, but it is among "the beasts that perish" that mystery rears itself to lay hold on the discovery of such with mighty force, and fire the imagination with questions which receive no answer.

When one considers that inexorable law of nature, the preying of the strong upon the weak, the survival of the fittest, he must

realize that enormous numbers of the lower animals perish, yet the tiny percent of their remains which later come to light is extraordinary. So extraordinary that, for generations, many have asked what becomes of them?

It is obvious, of course, particularly in this day and time, that very few animals and birds die a natural death. Only those of unusual physique and prowess can come to the time of old age. This age varies widely and the great difficulty lies in fixing any definite limit because of the more or less tenuous thread of existence by which they live. If man could be discounted it would make a great deal of difference, but . . . man cannot be discounted.



It is reasonable to suppose that some of the bears die a natural death, but if any have been found, few persons know of it

Even the giants among the animals are powerless against man and the rifle. Holding their own and more, against other four-footed creatures, bear, moose, elephant and buffalo are snuffed out by a high-powered weapon as easily as rabbits, by their only enemy. The grizzly bear and its gigantic cousin which lives in Alaska, the latter the largest carnivorous animal on earth, have absolutely nothing to fear from anything but man. It is reasonable to suppose that some of these animals live their lives out and die a natural death—but if any have been found, few know of it.

Among the birds, eagles live to a great age if they escape being shot. Some have been known to exceed the century mark in years, for what has the eagle to fear from other birds? Yet eagles are becoming steadily fewer and fewer, and they are not dying of old age. Have you ever found the bones of an eagle? I have

once; it was on a barrier island of the Carolina coast, and by diligent search in the bushes where the first bone was discovered, the greater part of the entire skeleton came to light. I have studied the birds of that coast for many years but these were the only eagle bones I ever found. Eagles are still common there and I know that many are killed and left where they fall but . . . what becomes of them?

There are, of course, some very good reasons why remains of dead creatures are not found oftener, but it is impossible to say why more are not found. Parrots are long-lived birds. They thrive in captivity for long periods of time and yet parrots in the wild state, under ideal conditions, must live longer than caged birds. They literally teem in tropical forests and, possessing the power of flight together with a well-developed ability to care for themselves, many must come to a ripe old age in the woods. How many dead parrots, or remains of them, are found in the forests of Mexico, South America or other parts of their wide range? It is safe to say almost none. A dead parrot would of course, soon be devoured by some living creature, but the plumage, feet and skull would be discarded and these do not disintegrate quickly by any means.

Even with the obvious explanations considered, there is plenty of room left for wonder about this scarcity of remains. Skin and flesh are perishable items, so perishable that insects, carrion-eating birds and animals, to say nothing of weather, can easily account for their quick disappearance, but bones are another matter entirely. Bone is a substance not easily destroyed and yet the outdoors man does not find bones readily. That they are of lasting duration is abundantly proved by the study of fossils. All that we know of prehistoric animal life, of the dinosaurs and other stupendous creatures that once lived on the earth, is derived from a study of their bones, either fossilized or otherwise. These creatures lived thousands of years ago and yet their bones have survived. Bones therefore, are not to be done away with in a moment. Again we are confronted with the question of what becomes of them—a question which still awaits an answer.

Superficially, there seems to be nothing strange about this lack in modern woods and fields. The agencies which attack animals which have died are varied and numerous. Flies lay their eggs on the carcass and these eggs become maggots; predatory searchers of food such as foxes, rodents, vultures and ants congregate about it and speedily strip it of flesh. All they leave are the bones and in the case of small creatures, even these are sometimes consumed. But when an animal the size of a deer, for instance, becomes a prey to the agencies outlined above, its bones must remain in some part. And yet who finds deer skeletons?

I live in a section where deer are not only common but abundant. Trouble is experienced by planters in coastal South Carolina in raising truck crops because of the inroads upon these by deer. These animals are hunted enthusiastically every fall and winter and many hundreds are killed annually. While the bucks taken on a "deer drive" are cut up and distributed to the hunters

almost on the spot, it is most reasonable to believe that some of the wounded animals escape and die later on somewhere in the forest. Not only is this reasonable, it undoubtedly happens, yet it is the rarest sort of an experience to find the bones of a deer.

The writer can recall but one instance of the discovery of skeletons, and this was a unique one. Two bucks had been engaged in a fierce conflict on a low country plantation and, as sometimes happens, their antlers had become (Continued on page 46)

COUNSELOR ELOQUENT

By The Old Timer

IN HIS law office in Dallas Alvin Owsley opened and read a telegram. Then opened and read another and smiled.

"New clients?" I asked, "demanding your services by wire?"

"Well—yes," said Alvin, "if you wish to put it that way. But not new clients. Old clients. Speaking invitations, both at Legion Department conventions."

"Yes, I know the boys still like to hear you."

"I suppose they do, or some of them do," replied Owsley, "or I wouldn't, after all these years, receive as many invitations as I get. But you know, every time one of these comes in, just to keep from having to buy a new hat, I think of what happened to me in the fall of '23."

"I had turned over the gavel to John Quinn at San Francisco and come back to Indianapolis to close my office. Then I headed the little Buick roadster for Texas, still enjoying my new freedom as a private citizen."

"To renew my boyhood memories of Mark Twain, I laid my route through Hannibal, Missouri. About five miles from town I picked up a long, lanky fellow who wanted a lift. We got to talking and he said he was a service man and a Legionnaire and named his Post and Department Commanders. To see how much interest he had taken in the Legion and what sort of an impression some of us fellows at the top had made on him, I asked if he had seen any of the National Commanders. Yes, he said, he had seen Colonel Galbraith and General Foreman and Hanford MacNider. Then he hesitated and looking me straight in the face said, 'And who was that word-slinging fool from Texas?'"

"I didn't say a thing, but when my guest asked to be dropped off on the main street in Hannibal, I put out my hand. 'Shake, Buddy, I am Alvin Owsley, Past National Commander of The American Legion.'

"I thought the comrade was going to fall over backward."

"'Judas Priest!' he exclaimed."

"'No,' I replied, 'just that word-slinging fool from Texas.'"

I imagine that close to a million persons have heard Alvin



Close to a million persons have heard Alvin Owsley's moving speeches during and since his term as National Commander. But those who know him best say that his addresses before juries are more eloquent

Owsley on the platform, but if they haven't heard him in a court-room, they haven't, as the saying is, heard anything yet. He grew up in the atmosphere of country court-houses. When he was six his father stood him up on the bench before the local district judge in Texas and Alvin addressed the court and the jury.

Owsley is first and last a jury lawyer, giving and taking blows in the front line trenches of our fields of legal battle. The S. O. S. work of jurisprudence, where a lawyer's job is to avoid an issue and keep his client out of court, does not appeal to him. In his own firm that branch of the practice is left to partners. Owsley is the man who takes clients into court and fights it out with the other side.

He has always been interested in people. Wherever he is—on a train, in a hotel lobby, or in a country store—you will probably find him in conversation with someone. He tries to find out all about their personal affairs and their views on every subject under the sun. Once I asked him why he did this. "A natural curiosity about human nature," he said. "And then, you don't know how much it helps in picking a jury."

Texas lawyers tell a story, though, of the time Owsley over-persuaded a jury. It was a personal injury suit against a railroad company. Owsley represented the plaintiff, and the case was bitterly contested. After remaining out all night the jury reported that it was unable to reach a verdict and was discharged. It transpired that three of the jurors wanted to give Owsley's client \$18,000, and three others wanted to give him \$25,000, while six had held out for \$50,000. Counsel and client would have been perfectly satisfied with \$18,000.

In 1924 the Democratic party of Texas endorsed Alvin Owsley for the Vice Presidency, and until the nomination of John N. Garner, he was the only native of the Lone Star State to be balloted on for that office. In 1928 Colonel Owsley was a candidate for United States Senator and came close to obtaining his party's nomination, which in Texas is equivalent to election.

Of all the speaking engagements that he (Continued on page 56)

FIRST PRIZE

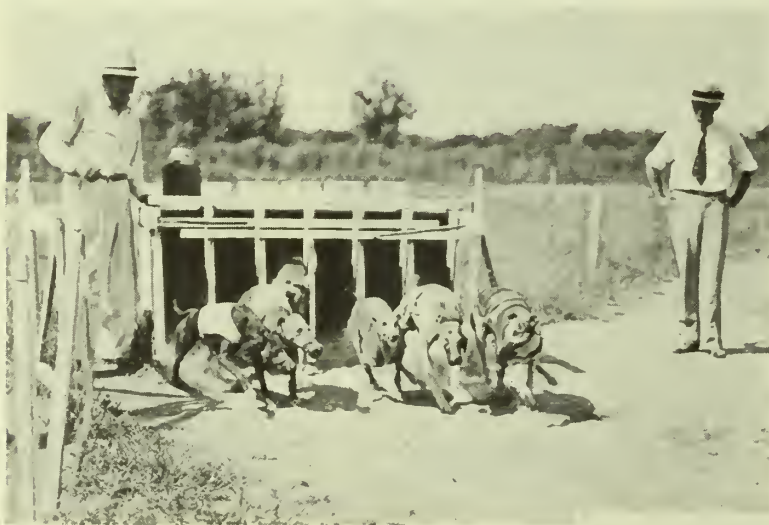
West Hoboken (New Jersey) Post, attesting the Legion's many-sided activities for children, presents a set of colors to the junior safety police of its neighborhood school who guard street crossings to prevent traffic injuries. Photo by Legionnaire Leo Heinrichs



From Ocean to Ocean,

LAST month California won the two principal prizes of the Monthly's Prize Photo Competition, and this month Nature restores the balance—the two main prizes going to the Atlantic Coast neighbors, New York and New Jersey. Proving that you don't need California sunshine to make a prize picture, even though Tujunga (California) Post does creep into this month's contest with another picture calculated to arouse the envy of a lot of us who live outside the land of orange groves, big trees and movie stars.

Once again the editors want to remind everybody that technical photographic excellence isn't the only factor considered in determining the prize winners. This is an important factor, of course, but equally important is the subject of the picture. And overwhelmingly important is the element of emotional response which the picture is calculated to arouse.



These dogs helped the drum corps of Robert S. Thurman Post of Joplin, Missouri, get to its Department convention at Hannibal. Post greyhound races provided travel funds. Photo by A. E. McMechan

Architecturally, this clubhouse of Tujunga (California) Post is one that any other Post could well dream of. Walter Franke, Post Sergeant-at-Arms, sent the picture





SECOND PRIZE

Frank A. Johnson Post of Johnson City, New York, was a Post divided against itself when this tug-of-war picture was taken at the outfit's annual picnic. The Post has one of the finest clubhouses in the Legion, one of three presented to Posts by George F. Johnson, shoe manufacturer. Photo by J. P. Obelkevich, Post Historian

THE LEGION ALERT

In other words, the picture candidate for a contest prize should be such that it registers some striking impression immediately in the mind of the Legionnaire looking at it.

Anyone will appreciate that it was a big moment in the life of West Hoboken (New Jersey) Post, represented by the winner of the first prize this month, when the Post presented a set of colors to the junior safety police of a neighborhood school. The boy traffic policemen each day guide across street-crossings thousands of children on their way to and from school. Some of the boy policemen are sons of Legionnaires. Most of the Legionnaires have sons or daughters whose safety each day depends upon the trustworthy execution of duty by the boy policemen. What is more fitting than that the Post should show its confidence and gratitude to the boy traffic directors in the fashion shown in the photo. Happily, the Post has preserved a record of the event.

Nothing but the second prize picture is needed to show that Frank A. Johnson Post of Johnson City, New York, is a good humored outfit. For that matter, so are the Legion Posts in Binghamton and Endicott also. For all three Posts have a common godfather—George F. Johnson, President of the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Corporation, who has instituted in his industry a system of profit sharing, a model system of providing medical services to all workers and other enlightened measures for many thousands of workers. The clubhouses which Mr. Johnson has provided for all three Posts are among the finest in the Legion.

Almost every Legion Post in its

usual or extraordinary activities has moments which should be recorded by the camera. More and more, outfits are asking the Post Historian to be also the Post Photographer, so that the big moments in post history may be preserved for the future better than mere words are capable of preserving them. Many Posts have started building up books of photographs which constitute a running history of their activities. Some of them are also acquiring movie films of the most important post events.

Each month, the Monthly will pay \$20 for the best Legion activity photograph published, \$15 for the second best, \$10 for the third best and \$5 each for all others reproduced. Mail pictures to the Legion Photo Editor, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Contributions will not be acknowledged. Include postage if return of pictures not used is desired. Details should be given concerning photographs submitted,

THIRD PRIZE

Plenty of action in this photograph which shows the first aid team of the Boy Scout troop of William Clinton Story Post, Freeport, New York, doing its stuff in a contest. Photo by E. C. McCormack



A NEW SESSION OF CONGRESS PROMISES BATTLES AS
THE LEGION FORMS ITS LINES EARLY FOR

The YEAR AHEAD

BEFORE the A. E. F. could march victoriously through the Argonne, it was necessary to transport across three thousand miles of ocean more than 2,000,000 American soldiers. While the million men who took part in that, our greatest battle, were pressing on against the enemy between Rheims and Verdun, another million men in France were manning the ports, the camps and the lines of communication, ready to hurl themselves into the front lines, and two million other American soldiers were in the camps at home awaiting transportation overseas. Another half million Americans, in the Navy, kept the ocean road to France open and helped pen the enemy's fleets in their native harbors. With a membership of more than four and a half million able-bodied fighting men, Uncle Sam's Army and Navy shortened the war and insured the completeness of final victory.

Membership was vital in 1917 and 1918, and it is vital once more as The American Legion now looks toward the year ahead

in which new battlegrounds are being spread. The call again is for full ranks and united action.

For the first time since it was organized, the Legion faces in 1933 the prospect of formidable, determined opposition to its program for the disabled service man and its efforts to gain its other objectives. In the name of economy, well-organized forces are attacking the whole structure of veterans' rights, including indiscriminately not only legislation which the Legion itself has conceded faulty but also many just provisions which form the very basis of the Government's policy in dealing with the service man of the World War. The ballyhoo on provisions rightfully open to attack is loud and vehement, and the effort is being made to damn by inference even such a time-tested provision as hospitalization.

The strength of this organized opposition should not be underestimated. It is evident that the leading organization now demanding a complete revision of all the Government's provisions

for the service man has passed the hat among all the elements unfriendly to the service man for any reason. It must have obtained a lot of money. It is not going to content itself with a few trumpet blasts of publicity but is going to conduct a knock-down and drag-out fight with the veteran in every arena of public discussion—in Washington, in the magazines of the country, in newspapers, over the radio, in the motion picture theaters.

The Legion is going to fight back. It is going to fight for the good name of every service man, for the continuation of the just rights to which the disabled man is entitled and for the extension of those rights as the need for extension is proved.

From all this it should be easy to figure why the Legion is making an early start to enrol its members for 1933. To man the firing line in Washington, to keep up the defenses and carry the fight into the enemy's lines throughout the country, the Legion needs every old member signed up before New Year's Day, and it hopes to have with them many thousands of service men, hitherto outside its ranks, who have been awakened to the dan-



A guest at Rainier-Noble Post's annual Christmas party for shut-ins at Seattle, Washington, acquires that well known top-of-the-world feeling from the Auxiliary. Five thousand persons attend the party, held every year in a theater



In seventeen days this giant Red Hot Check, put in circulation by Walter T. Cohee Post of Frankfort, Indiana, was used by successive holders to pay for \$200 worth of merchandise and other things

gers brought by attacks from without by organized opponents.

On the eve of the Portland national convention, National Headquarters sent to every Department an outline of the battle orders for the membership campaign for the new year. Under this outline, the month of November is to figure importantly in the campaign. In this month, it is hoped that most of 1932's members will be re-enrolled, so that when Congress re-convenes in December it will know that the Legion is ready for whatever combat its opponents are offering.

In November, the 1933 poster of The American Legion will appear on billboards throughout the United States. The many-colored design, which has been reproduced in the Monthly in recent issues, is a striking one, emblematic of the Legion's true character and purposes. Posts which have not yet ordered may send rush orders for the poster to the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, inclosing \$1 for each poster desired. Last year, Posts used 10,000 posters and 40,000 display cards in the month of November.

Enrolment of old members is to be the first order in the efforts of all Posts up to Armistice Day, November 11th, while between Armistice Day and November 30th special efforts will be made to enrol new members. On Armistice Day special citations for most distinguished service will be conferred upon those who have achieved conspicuous results in membership work.

Between November 4th and November 11th, American Legion Week will be observed throughout the country. National Headquarters is distributing material for the use of all Posts in this observance.

A national membership telegraphic roll call will be a feature of the annual Department Commanders' and Adjutants' Conference to be held at National Headquarters in November. As in other years, every Department will try to have on its rolls at the date of this roll call as many members as possible. The competition encouraged by this roll call will be continued in a series of inter-Department membership contests which will date from the conference.

The Legion membership at the time of the national convention was 925,544. Twenty-seven

Departments had exceeded the quotas assigned them for the year and six had enroled the largest numbers of members since they were organized.

Christmas for Everybody

FOR most of us, Christmas will still be two months away at the time this is read, but for the members of Rainier-Noble Post of Seattle, Washington, Christmas starts sometime in November. In this month, the outfit begins working to make its annual Christmas Day party for the city's shut-ins as great an event as it has been for the past twelve Christmases. Each Christmas time, of course, the Post gives a party for its own members and their children, but its party for the shut-ins overshadows that one. It is attended by five thousand persons and it is held in a theater. Once it was held in Union Station, but that place couldn't expand its walls enough to care for the fast growing party.

In November, the Post lists the names of all men and women and children who are confined to their homes by illness, and divides this list into districts. Then, it compiles a list of owners of automobiles who have volunteered to transport the shut-ins.

There are many Legion committees, and almost every Legion member has a duty.

"Glad to tell anybody who writes, more about our party," offers Post Adjutant L. A. Williams.

Red Hot Check

THE unpopularity of the rubber check is still preserved in Frankfort, Indiana, but the citizens of Frankfort have had kindly thoughts about the Red Hot Check ever since this summer when Walter T. Cohee Post started one in circulation. The Legion Post's check was for one dollar and was six feet long, the product of a local sign painter. It was drawn to permit payment at either of the town's banks.

The idea behind the check, when the Post



launched it, was that each person or concern into whose hands it came was to pass it along without delay to someone else—spend it in the usual course of business. In seventeen days it was spent by successive holders for more than \$200 worth of articles, constituting a sermon on keeping money at work.

When the Legion Leads

AS ONE of the sacrifices to the depression, citizens of Piqua, Ohio, determined last summer not to hold their Chautauqua which, conducted for ten days in a tent, had become an annual institution. Fifteen hundred persons had pledged themselves to

Commander of the Third Minnesota District, was toastmaster as Stillwater Post Legionnaires banqueted and surveyed a scarred can of corned beef, the iron ration of 1918, which some day will be opened by the last man of Stillwater Post. Each year the club will meet, banquet and call the roll. It is possible that the last Legionnaire of the Post will open the can some time in the year 2000.

A Hand to the G. A. R.

SEVENTEEN men who find life enjoyable in the light of the setting sun walked up the broad steps of the clubhouse of



Legionnaire Lowell Forbes, an attorney, explains to boy and girl rifle enthusiasts of Mason City, Iowa, the fine points of marksmanship. The city's Legion Junior Rifle Club has scores of members

buy season tickets before the decision to abandon the Chautauqua was announced.

Regret changed to rejoicing when Paul Schnell Post of The American Legion proclaimed it had found a way to conduct the Chautauqua. It announced that it would give the annual event for three days instead of ten, would make the arrangements without the assistance of a highly-paid out-of-town director and would feature on the program concerts by a local orchestra and plays by a local dramatic club. It had also arranged for appearances of drum corps of neighboring Ohio Posts to supplement the music given by the Post's own drum corps. The Chautauqua would open on a Sunday morning with union church services sponsored by the town's ministerial association, to be followed in the afternoon by an instrumental concert and other entertainment on the following days.

"Everybody has been pleased by the way our Chautauqua was carried out," reports George Effinger, Post Adjutant. "There is a public demand that we take over next year's event and extend it to ten days. We made a profit of \$600 which is being spent to improve our drum corps."

Bully Beef Club

STILLWATER, Minnesota, leaped to almost every front page in America once each year for many years as the Last Man's Club of Stillwater's company of Civil War veterans held its annual banquet and its dwindling members let their eyes thirst in contemplation of a bottle of burgundy. The bottle had been set aside at the club's first meeting to be opened by the man who should be the last survivor.

The Last Man's Club is history, but now the Last Buddies Bully Beef Club has begun a new march into time. A. B. Kolliner,

Black Diamond Post in Kingston, Pennsylvania, one day this summer while the Post band played a lively air. The whole membership of the Post was waiting to welcome the seventeen, for they were Kingston's members of the G. A. R., each of them nearing the age of ninety or past it. For sixty-five years they had upheld the traditions of patriotism and civic duty in the town.

In formal ceremonies and with informal speeches, Black Diamond Post let the seventeen know that thenceforth they were to consider the clubhouse as their own—the Legion would feel honored to have them attend its own meetings and come into the building any time they wished. The hospitality thus extended was acknowledged fittingly and accepted on behalf of all his comrades by Commander Lorenzo Whitney of the G. A. R.

"We believe Posts of the Legion elsewhere could well do as we have done," writes Legionnaire E. Moon. "Sometimes we just take things for granted, but it helps a lot usually to say the things that are in our hearts."

Depression Note

JAMES DE MARIO, Commander of Westport (Connecticut) Post, owns a barber shop in which many nationally known artists and illustrators of Westport's art colony get haircuts and shaves and, in prosperous times, a lot of fancy trimmings. "You fellows all joining the House of



Elizabeth Ann Boulanger's birthday anniversary is celebrated to the minute by the nation. She was born at 11 a. m., on November 11, 1920, at Portland, Oregon, where she lives with her parents.

David?" he recently asked Remington Schuyler, who painted the cover of this issue of the Monthly.

"If it's a long time between haircuts, it's a longer time between paintings," Mr. Schuyler answered.

"Fifty haircuts for one painting! Is it a contract?" quoth Post Commander De Mario.

A painting of Mr. De Mario in his doughboy uniform, done in Mr. Schuyler's best style, now is one of Westport's most notable *objets d'art*, while Mr. Schuyler has recently barged into note as Westport's counterpart of the Arrow Collar boys.

A Uniform for Every Member

THE Minnesota Department is out to become the best dressed outfit in the Legion, and this year it has been following a plan which enables any member to procure from a tailor in his locality a perfect-fitting uniform of excellent quality for \$25. It hopes to have every member in uniform eventually. Since the Massachusetts Department took on a permanent uniform in 1926, Departments all through the country have been encouraging posts to provide themselves with distinctive dress. Massachusetts reports that 27,000 of its members have already bought uniforms.

"Thirty-five dealers have been designated to handle the Minnesota Department official uniform," writes W. F. Lynch of St. Paul, secretary of the Department Uniform Committee. "The committee has prepared an eight-page booklet giving complete information about the uniform, including specifications. Two authorized manufacturers have been designated and arrangements have been made whereby uniforms can be obtained from the authorized dealers who agree to make alterations for a perfect fit at the same price.

"We have tried to encourage patronage of local merchants in our plan. We expect to have an authorized dealer in every community. The manufacturers of the cloth used in the uniform are paying five cents a yard on all cloth sold to the uniform manufacturers. The money thus obtained, together with the sum of twenty-five cents for each Legion emblem used on the uniforms, is being placed in a fund with which we are carrying on our program. We are sure of great results in our uniform program."

Old Timers

MEN grow old but stay young in Prineville, Oregon, which may be one reason Crook County Post four years ago decided to hold each year an Old Timers Meeting to be attended by all residents who have passed the age of seventy.

"Our Old Timers Meeting this year found thirty-two men and women guests of our Post," writes Asa W. Battles, Post Service Officer. "The hour of the lunch was announced as 12:30 but guests began arriving at 9:30. They 'scalped Injins' again and lived over the old days until late in the afternoon. Several of them dropped in at the quarters our post maintained at Portland during the national convention."

Speaking of Records

LEGIONNAIRE M. H. DELMOTTE isn't the youngest Legionnaire or the oldest, but if any other bugler in the Legion has blown taps for more than 423 veterans' funerals, Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia, wants to hear about him.

"Mr. Delmotte has a wide reputation hereabouts and is called



from county to county when a bugler is needed who can sound taps with finish and eclat," comments Arch M. Cantrall, Post Commander.

Civic Duty

THE five thousand and more citizens of Woodstock, Illinois, are proud of their picturesque town in the northeast corner of the State. The town is a bit beyond the zone of Chicago commuting towns, but it lies along main motor routes leading into Wisconsin, and it is visited by strangers in large numbers. When citizens this year awoke to the need of better marking of the town streets, Peter Umathum Post set an example in the performance of civic duty by assuming the whole job of providing new street signs. The post bought and paid for 250 street signs and Legionnaires

(Continued on page 58)

"Four!!?" Say, are you tryin' to kid me?!!



NEXT TIME YOU GO TO PARIS, WHETHER YOU'RE A
LEGIONNAIRE OR NOT, LOOK IN ON PERSHING HALL—IT'S

OPEN HOUSE for ALL AMERICA

By Fred C. Painton

ANY account of Pershing Hall, that unusual institution which is The American Legion's home in Paris, should begin—without prejudice—with mention of the bar. The bar is the most important part of Pershing Hall, for it is not only the meeting place of all Legionnaires who live in Paris and the social center for a great part of the American colony in France, but it is also the headquarters of any Legionnaire visiting in Paris. Once upon a time it was said that a man sitting in front of the Café de la Paix could, if he sat there long enough, meet every friend and acquaintance he ever had. That applies now, so far as Americans are concerned, not to the Café de la Paix but to the American Legion bar. It is the Yankee crossroads of Europe.

The best time to visit the bar is in the late afternoon. When six o'clock has come, when the gas-lit streets reflect the dim charm of romance, when the Arc de Triomphe glows magnificently in a blaze of floodlights, cocktail hour has arrived: Then you see Citroën taxicabs wheel off the Champs Elysées, their horns bleating as only Paris taxicab horns can, and come to a flourishing stop before the splendid façade of Pershing Hall on the Rue Pierre-Charron. The door is opened by Marcel Seery, dapper chasseur, magnificent in his uniform of blue and gold, with "American Legion" in gold letters on his sleeve and "Pershing Hall" on his

hat. You pass through handsome wrought iron doors, go through a long passage, and emerge presently to find yourself staring at the only authentic American Legion bar in the world.

On this, a typical evening, you are asked to pay some attention to the men and women seated at the round tables—or with feet parked comfortably on a polished brass rail—for they are the men and women who are making the influence of Pershing Hall felt, socially and culturally, everywhere in Paris. Since Pershing Hall was dedicated in October, 1931, it has become one of the most dynamic factors in Paris, and these are the people who made it so.

At the table on the left is a tall, broad-shouldered man with iron gray bobbed hair, deep-set eyes and a Roman beak of a nose. He reminds you a lot of William Jennings Bryan. This very morning the *Paris Herald* carried on page one the announcement that Gilbert White would give a private showing of his new painting. Here he is discussing plans for The American Legion's annual art salon to be held next spring.

A bit to the right your eye encounters a tall man with kindly gray eyes that look out through gold-rimmed spectacles. This is André Roosevelt, distant kin of the late Theodore Roosevelt and himself not unknown for his explorations in the Dutch East Indies. Roosevelt is talking over details of a musicale which the Legion will hold with Gustin Wright, famous conductor of the César Franck Symphony Orchestra.

Standing at the bar, foot comfortably hooked on the brass rail, is Laurence V. Benét, who invented the Hotchkiss machine gun.

ENGLISH SPOKEN

Children of Legionnaires in or near Paris get the opportunity of instruction in the language of their fathers. A few of the two hundred youngsters who attend the classes in Pershing Hall



HERE'S HOW!

Cocktail hour in the bar at Pershing Hall—all absolutely legal, of course. Pershing Hall has displaced the *Café de la Paix* as the American crossroads of Europe



Benét's conversation is chiefly concerned with the Pershing Hall War Museum, which is his hobby. Farther along is Robert Fulton Logan, whose great-grandfather built a steamship called the *Clermont*. He is swapping yarns with Dr. Edmund L. Gros, head of the American hospital in Neuilly. The Very Reverend F. W. Beekman is talking sports—Dean Beekman used to be an intercollegiate boxing and wrestling champion.

Since the bar has become a downtown rendezvous for husbands and wives, you see lots of women. Mrs. Don MacAfee, president of the Paris Auxiliary, is giving an account of the Fidac international bazaar which has just closed, and with her are Mrs. Sedley Peck and Mrs. Samuel Seymour. In the background are several others, waiting for their husbands.

And finally, and most important to you, here are two Legionnaires from Iowa who will shove off the next day on the *Bremen* for America, and who are now proclaiming to the world what a swell place Pershing Hall is. If you should happen to go to Paris this season or next, read now what Pershing Hall meant to these two Legionnaires and what it will mean to you.

They got their mail there. They got any and all information pertaining to Paris or the battlefields. In the purchase of souvenirs or presents for those back home they learned the proper price

The emblem of The American Legion and the four stars of General Pershing's rank are part of the design of the grilled iron work of the building's exterior



to pay and the best places of purchase. They made dates with all their friends—"Meet me at the Legion bar." In short, Pershing Hall was for them, and is for you, a clubhouse, a postoffice, an information bureau and a rendezvous. It has a registration book where you sign, and if any pal is in Paris and comes to the Legion bar—as he is certain to do—he'll find you.

But Pershing Hall is much more than the French embassy of the Legion. It can be said with truth that any American going abroad may use it equally with the Legion. Seventeen American organizations other than the Legion have contributed money and furniture to its completion, and because this is so, Pershing Hall becomes their club, their headquarters—and they all use it.

Listen to what Slim Garner, manager of the bar, has to say. Slim is called Slim because he is six feet four inches tall and weighs two hundred and thirty-four pounds and is still able to get into his war-time gob's uniform on Memorial Day.

"Pershing Hall," he says, "is an institution. We have Elks and Moose, Masons and Knights of Columbus, army and navy officers, doctors and dentists drifting in here all the time. They use it as much as the Legion. The Legion is host and custodian."

Colonel Francis Drake, to whom belongs the honor of carrying through the idea of Pershing Hall in compliance with the mandate of the 1927 National convention, says: "Pershing Hall will be a living pantheon of the war. The Legion is the initiator, but Pershing Hall belongs to all America."

One can readily understand how true this statement is by considering the seventeen American organizations that have contributed money or undertaken the furnishing of a room. They are: American Red Cross, Salvation Army, Daughters of the American Revolution, Jewish Welfare Board, National Guard Association, Marine Corps Association, Elks, Moose, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Y. M. C. A., Navy Association, Army Association, West Point Association, Medal of Honor Association, American Dental Association, American Medical Association.

Beyond this, the city of Cleveland and Ohio residents made possible the Herrick Memorial Room, one of the most beautiful in (Continued on page 42)

HIGHBALL!



Not Only in the American Bars in Paris, But Along the Many Miles of American Railroads Operated by Our Men throughout the A. E. F., the Call Rang Out

One of the casualties of the war, this American locomotive failed to hold the rails on a stiff grade near Nantes, France

EVER stop to consider how many of the conductors and engineers and brakemen and firemen who are now operating trains on which you all ride are fellow members of the Legion? These same men were mostly on the same or similar jobs while in service during the war. And, still associated in their chosen work, they are holding together better than many other outfits. At the recent national convention in Portland, Oregon, at least a half-dozen Railway Engineer Regiment veterans' associations held reunions.

One of the former "rails," A. F. Bonazzoli, member of Sudbury Post of the Legion, and living in South Sudbury, Massachusetts, steps forward with the picture you see on this page and has this to say about the wrecked engine shown:

"Does Tommy Copello of St. Mary, Pennsylvania, who was engineer of the locomotive shown in the enclosed picture, when she jumped the tracks coming down that terrible hill at Savenay Hospital near Nantes, France, remember this accident? De Roache is shown standing on the running board. Does he recall how they ever righted the engine after its spill?

"Tommy, like nearly all of us, had seen service at the front, having been with the 26th Infantry of the First Division and wounded in action. He also was given three months' hard labor by a court martial account not staying with his iron horse when it turned over, but never served the term, as a medical major examined his service record and ordered a permanent rest. I think the accident happened in September or October, 1918.

"I would like to hear from Tommy. Also from Captain Don Minnick of the 19th Engineers who was present when I put an engine on the ground at Le Mans because there were no more rails. It happened about one o'clock in the morning while I had a troop train going from Le Mans to St. Nazaire. Major Maxwell was ready to hang me, when this Captain Minnick put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'It is not your fault, I'll see you out of this,' and I guess he did as I never heard a thing. The locomotive I got next day was all covered with mud. I made my trip after packing a dozen hot boxes on the way.

"Our outfit was the 67th Emergency Railway Operating Battalion, later the 20th, 21st and 22d Companies of the 14th Grand

Division—men from every division in France, including the Army and Marine Corps."

ALTHOUGH we have almost decided to stop announcing any more "firsts" of service, since most of them drag out into endless discussions, we'll risk an "only" claim which C. L. Phillips, Legionnaire of Warsaw, North Carolina, sets forth in this letter:

"It occurred to me that perhaps a little story regarding the last minutes of the Great War with the boys of Company M, 324th Infantry, 81st Division, would be of interest.

"I have the honor of being the only bugler, so far as I have learned, to sound 'Cease Firing' on the morning of November 11, 1918. During the final days of the fighting the buglers were used as runners when an outfit reached the front, and those that had bugles had either lost them or had left them with the Company Clerk.

"My bugle, however, was strapped to my pack. On the morning of November 11, 1918, our company was ordered to advance at nine o'clock and continue firing until eleven o'clock. Company M started the scheduled advance. When the hour of eleven arrived, Captain Mueller of Company K of our regiment, commanding the battalion after Major Ward had been killed two days before, looked around among the runners to see if there was a bugler with a bugle. I happened to be on the spot with mine.

"I was instructed to sound off when he gave the signal exactly at eleven o'clock. When I sounded the bugle, boys close by yelled: 'Throw away that horn and stop trying to kid us.' I sounded off again and at that time they began to realize that the war was over. I told them that the Kaiser had started the war

BUVETTE





Above, the Riding School in the Buckingham Palace group in London, England, which many A. E. F. tourists may fail to recognize now as the billet they occupied while on leave in England. Below, entrance gates of the Royal Mews, or stables, of the King of England of which the Riding School is a part

and that I had ended it. It took some time to convince them, but when the enemy firing ceased too, they knew, and there was much rejoicing. Then began the sad task of looking for our dead and wounded.

"Since the war I have not read of any other bugler on the lines at that time who sounded off and I think probably I might be the only one lucky enough to have had a bugle at that particular time. Because I was the only bugler in our sector to perform this job, Captain John R. Castine, commander of Company M, made me a present of the bugle, which is still the prize piece in my war collection."

ALMOST a year ago—in the December, 1931, Monthly—Richard A. Ward of Willard A. Balcom Post, Bronx, New York City, posted the claim in this bulletin board of the Company Clerk that he with other A. E. F. tourists had slept in Buckingham Palace, London, while on leave. That claim was readily confirmed by Robert L. Ewing, who was Chief Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in London during the war and the after-the-war period. The riding hall served as a billet. We must include Franklin S. Edmonds of Philadelphia in the list of persons to thank since it was through him we heard from Mr. Ewing.

After Ward's claim of having slept under a royal roof appeared, we had plenty of substantiations from other A. E. F.-ers who had journeyed to London after the fighting ceased, and wish only that we might reprint even extracts from some of the interesting letters received.

NOVEMBER, 1932



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

Generally the story runs that when a swarm of American soldiers suddenly appeared in the British capital city on leave, they would be sent, after American billets were filled, to the Buckingham Palace Hostel in London, just across the street from the Buckingham Palace grounds, which had been reserved originally for British soldiers. Then, to quote from a letter from Legionnaire J. R. Hull of West Winfield, N. Y.,

"Any British soldier on leave could go to Buckingham Palace Hostel and upon presenting his credentials could secure a regular hotel bed for sixpence . . . The only guests were soldiers and all paid the standard rates, except that any night after midnight when incoming soldiers would register and lay down their coin, the desk clerk would shove back the coin and say 'Tonight you are a guest of the King.' Whereupon as fast as they arrived and until the Riding School in the palace grounds was filled, such soldiers from midnight on were led across the street, through a gate in a stone wall and into the Riding School.

"If memory is correct, there were about 150 cots in there; sheets, of course; running water. One large building, girders high overhead. Very promptly each morning at seven, a British sergeant with a bull voice started the 'guests' on their way."

The letters of comment caused our interest to increase to the extent that we wrote to F. J. Chamberlain, C. B. E., General Secretary of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations, Incorporated, in London, of which the patron is His Majesty the King. As a result, we display the pictures on this page. Mr. Chamberlain in his letter transmitting the pictures



said: "Following the receipt of your letter of 31st March, I have been in touch with His Majesty's Crown Equerry on the subject of your request for photographs of the Riding School and such other buildings in the Palace group which might have been used as soldiers' billets during the War. His Majesty has graciously acceded to our request for photographs, and I have pleasure in enclosing herewith a copy of a letter from Colonel Erskine, the Crown Equerry to His Majesty, together with the photographs and pictures referred to therein."

We take the liberty also of reprinting a part of the letter from Arthur Erskine, Colonel and Crown Equerry, written in the Royal

Mews, Buckingham Palace, to Mr. Chamberlain: "In continuation of my letter of the 18th April, I have much pleasure in forwarding you a photograph of the Riding School at Buckingham Palace where the A. E. F. men were put up during the Great War, and also a few postcards of the Royal Mews which include another photograph of the Riding School and one of the Entrance Gates."

A "mew" as we have just discovered was originally a cage for hawks. The royal stables in London were built in 1824 on the site of the king's mews for hawks and thus came the name of the "Royal Mews."

A suggestion was made that another building in the palace group besides the Riding School had also been impressed into service as a billet, but thus far we have been unable to confirm it. Does anyone know?

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that some of the doughboys of line companies might have had their own personal opinions of the fighting qualities of the bandsmen of their regiment, those same doughboys would stand up on their hind legs and uphold the honor of their particular band against the claims of

any other regiment. And we interrupt ourselves to say that bandsmen, at least those of our own regiment, had one of the saddest jobs in the regiment when it was in action—that of assembling and burying our dead buddies.

And as for esprit de corps and loyalty of the musicians, we saw a good example of it recently when for the first time in eleven years we attended a reunion of the old regiment. Of the forty-odd men of Headquarters Company who showed up, almost half were bandsmen, and they came equipped with their instruments and were the life of the party in giving impromptu concerts of old war-time songs, whenever called on.

Which leads us to our introduction of Eugene J. Drosch, member of 47th Infantry Post of the Legion, 1863 Himrod Street, Brooklyn, New York, and Assistant Bandmaster of the 47th Regiment Band, whose picture we display and whose story we'll let Drosch tell:

"The 47th Regiment, National Guard, New York, in its seventy years of existence had partaken in every conflict of our country, but up to the time of its being called into Federal service for the Mexican Border trouble, it had never boasted of an enlisted band of its own. On June 19, 1916, however, a band of ten musicians was formed under the leadership of Lieutenant John T. Tucker.

"On March 29, 1917, when the regiment again went into service guarding government property in New York and Philadelphia, the band had been recruited to twenty-six men. The band was posted on guard duty at the Armory in Brooklyn, and when relieved went through its regular routine of rehearsals and first-aid instructions. It appeared professionally also in recruiting and Liberty Loan drives, and in theaters, having the honor of playing for Elsie Janis before this wonderful (Continued on page 60)



The regimental band of the 47th Infantry, National Guard, New York, before it became the 53d Pioneer Infantry Regiment, steps out at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, during the fall of 1917. A direct descendant of the band still survives. Note the natty ankle-length overcoats

“The dead take
to their graves, in their
clutched fingers, *only that*
which they have given away”

THIS is your chance *to do more good* with the money you give to others than was perhaps ever before possible in the history of this country.

First, because the *need* is greater than ever before. Second, because more of every dollar you give will go to provide your fellow human beings with food, shelter, medical help—the bare necessities of living.

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reenforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised. Each community is making provision for its own people. Each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Read again the great words attributed to Rousseau which are printed at the top of this page. Then *give* through your established welfare and relief organization, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.



Newton D. Baker

Newton D. Baker, Chairman
National Citizens' Committee

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

"TAKE IT *from* ME—"

Some Sound Advice on Taking Advice

A STANDARD method by which the hardboiled secretary keeps the boss from being disturbed by callers is to say, "He's in conference." Sometimes it's true, for in all climes and in all times men have found it necessary to get opinions of other people before embarking on important ventures. When should one take advice? Several months ago the *Monthly* printed the opinions on this point of a number of business leaders. The article caused widespread comment. Herewith are presented the varying viewpoints of four more men whose business careers offer eloquent testimony that they have known when to take advice and when to ignore it.

By Orville S. Caesar,
President, Greyhound Lines

MY FIRST rule about taking advice is to ask it only when I am not sure about what to do. There are plenty of times when I need the best judgment of other people in making up my mind whether to go ahead with some plan. Then is when I seek all the wise counsel available. But if a man spends his time listening to advice on subjects that he is perfectly competent to make up his own mind about, he wastes a great many hours and slows down the speed of whatever he has in charge.

It happens that our business is one which we have had to develop rapidly. Someone was sure to build a national system of bus transportation, and when we got the idea we had to drive it through to a successful conclusion before someone else might forestall us at important points. In consequence we have had during the past few years a great many decisions to make of basic importance to our enterprise. We have had to make them quickly, but we have also had to be sure we were right.

We have found that it pays to encourage everyone in the organization to make his own decisions on all points that are within his own responsibility and his own ability. But when he has something that affects another part of the business, or that gets beyond his own hard-and-fast experience, he gets the advice of everyone who can contribute something to his successful solution of his problem.

I recall one question that arose of extending our lines into territory where we had

Do You Listen When People Tell You What You Ought to Do?

never operated. I was not too sure of what to do, although my personal inclination was to go ahead. We held a good-sized meeting of our executives, talked it over, and decided not to do it. Ever since I have been glad of it, for it unquestionably would have been a mistake. There have been a good many instances of exactly this

sort, I remember.

On the other hand, there was exactly the same sort of situation when I called a meeting to consider an important extension. The meeting was more conservative than I was, and I let their arguments stop me, although I was far from convinced. A year and a half later we were forced to go ahead with the original plan. But this time it cost us a great deal more money to go ahead with the plan, and we had meanwhile lost the profits that we could have been making. So we were doubly penalized because I took the advice in the first place.

There was another time when I developed the idea for a hot-water heater for motor bus use—the same type of heater that has since become recognized as the top-notch way to heat not only a bus but also a passenger automobile. Everybody said there was no need for such a heater, that it would be expensive and would get out of order and that anyhow people who rode in buses did not expect to have the interior warm. I bull-headedly went through with it, because I knew their arguments were wrong despite their plausibility. The heater made bus travel as comfortable in winter as at any other time of year. It had lots of other advantages. It was a big step forward.

Again, there was a design worked out in our organization which would permit two more seats, four more passengers, to a bus. The bulk of the advice was against it. But the man who believed in it went ahead, and today this design is standard not only on Greyhound buses but also with many bus manufacturers. The idea was right, so that it prevailed in spite of all opposition.

There are, as I have already pointed out, plenty of cases where a man is not sure enough to go ahead without advice. Then he had better get advice, and weigh it carefully. But in our experience, the man who has the courage to reject advice—even though it comes from competent people and has a lot of good sense behind it—is likely to accomplish more worthwhile results than the fellow who listens to everybody and allows himself to be swayed accordingly. He may make plenty of (Continued on page 43)



*Illustration
by William Heaslip*

POST CAPS FOR ARMISTICE DAY

SPECIFICATIONS

Style—Overseas type.

Color—American Legion Blue.

Emblem—Silk embroidered.

Material—14-ounce uniform cloth. (Serge to match official state uniform specifications optional at no additional charge.)

Note: All caps will be made of blue uniform cloth unless serge is specified. In ordering serge caps, specify weight and trade name.

Lettering—Gold silk embroidered. The standard form of lettering provides for the Post numeral on the right, with full State name on left beneath emblem. If desired, the Town name in full with State name abbreviated can be substituted at an additional flat charge of 25 cents per cap. All letters and numerals are 1/2 inch in size. Special lettering additional. Prices quoted upon application.

Trimmings—Gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

Size—Furnished in all standard hat sizes. (Be sure to specify sizes.)

PRICE \$2.00 Each Postpaid

Remittance must accompany order. No C. O. D. shipments.



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MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW

Beautifully tailored to your individual measurements, and fairly priced within the reach of every Legionnaire, an American Legion Post Cap is an essential part of your Armistice Day outfit. Prompt action will bring your cap in time for one of the most important days in the American Legion calendar. *Armistice Day* delivery guaranteed only on orders received on or before November 1.

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[Post No.] [State Name in Full]

The sizes are as follows:

NAME.....CITY.....

STATE.....I Belong to Post.....Department of.....

11-32

BOYS WILL *be* MEN

By
Walter W. Head

*Illustration by
Harry Townsend*

ONLY one quality marks the boy who will be a successful man when he has grown a few inches and a few years. This is character. It distinguishes the successful man from the unsuccessful. And the boy who lacks character will still lack it when he is a man.

Success does not mean getting money. It means, as nearly as I can define it, earning the happiness that comes only to the man who can look back from old age and truly say, "I have been happy, but never at the expense of others. Instead, I have helped those around me to greater happiness than they could have had without me."

It takes character to plan out a life on these lines and then hold to the main outlines of the plan. It does not necessarily take character to make money or make a material success in many other ways.

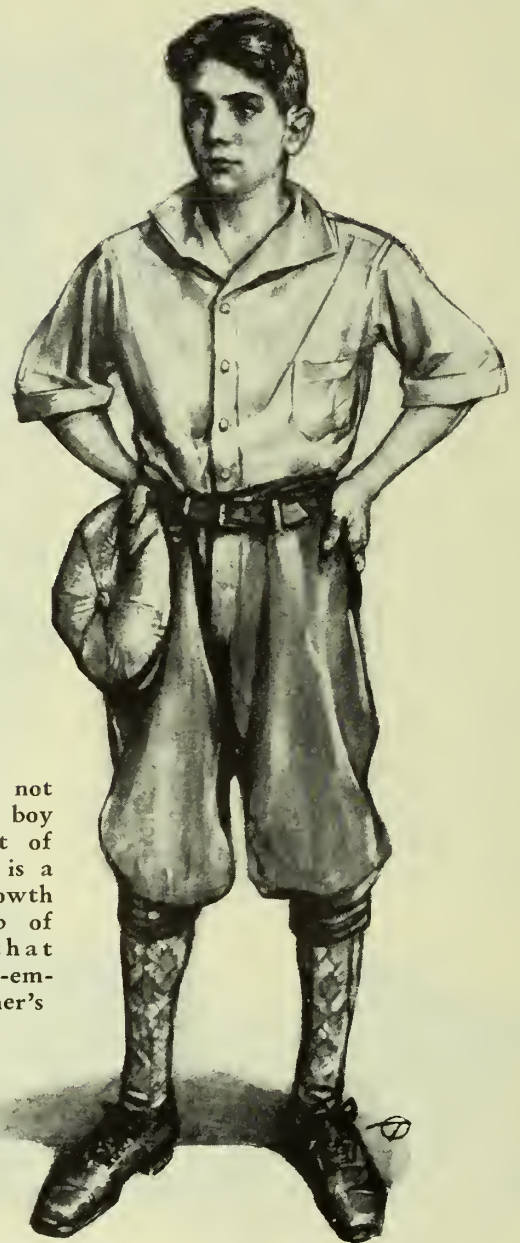
Many of us err, in working with our sons or our pupils or our employes or Boy Scouts under our supervision, in assuming that character is inherent. It is not born in one boy and left out of another. Heredity no doubt has its part. But I suspect that the strong character usual in the son of a strong father is not so much in his blood as it is in the air he breathes while living with that father and absorbing his character from observation and precept.

Working with youngsters, especially boys, has always been my principal hobby. Since it first began to interest me, I have seen a good many boys grow to manhood. In some of these men I can now see the effects of specific character training given them twenty-five years ago. If a boy does not receive such training, the lack may be apparent for his whole lifetime.

What gets the most publicity is the need for such training in slum children. Of course their environment is unfavorable, and many of them will never have a chance without help from the outside. But I wonder whether many of us realize the equal need for character training among many children whose home surroundings at first glance seem perfect.

I could list a dozen homes that I personally know where the parents have education, social position, more than average wealth—yet their boys and girls get no real training that builds character. The parents are taken up with their bread-and-butter jobs, with their social life, with their golf and bridge and dancing. They have no time left to spend with their children. Scout executives tell me this condition exists in every community. Boys from such homes almost always present problems in their Scout troops. Their chances of leading successful adult lives are seriously impaired.

Character is not born in one boy and left out of another. It is a process of growth and the job of helping that growth is pre-eminent father's



No other job has any right to be so important to a parent as making friends with his children. The responsibility for boys is peculiarly the father's, for the typical boy's attitude toward the whole female sex is best expressed by the familiar small-boy remark, "Oh, she's only a girl."

A father can earn his boy's confidence more easily. A wholehearted participation in a few kid sports and lo—the old man is one of the boys, except that he cannot be trusted quite so implicitly not to be a wet blanket. This last reservation can be overcome, but it takes a real man to do it.

If a boy and his father are real friends, the boy has a chance to absorb character at first-hand without either of them being aware of it. Hundreds of thousands of fathers today are doing an intelligent job of growing up with their boys. Never has there been so great a need, for times have changed since today's fathers were boys.

Twenty-five years ago most people lived on farms or in small towns. Automobiles were scarce, movies practically did not exist, money was hard to get, working hours were long. The family

stayed home evenings. The atmosphere and pace of living threw us in closer contact with our parents than is common with children today, and we had a chance to absorb character from dad without his stirring a finger to impart it.

We of this new age must consciously create in our boys the character essential to successful lives. What are the components of strong character? They are, I think, five:

1. Honesty of purpose.
2. Desire to be useful.
3. Assumption of individual responsibility.
4. Faith in a divine Creator.
5. Alertness to opportunity.

Unless a man is honest of purpose, his whole character is out of plumb. Some philosophers have held that results are all-important, that the purpose behind them is of little consequence. Certainly that is a warped viewpoint. As long as a man has an honest purpose and consequently is honest, he can respect himself. When his purpose is no longer honest, no matter how he may strive to justify himself to himself, he must fail. Nor can he justify himself to any of his fellows.

Probably every boy has at one time or another developed into a liar. Allowed to go unchecked, this lying may completely undermine his honesty. But with most boys it can be cured by a simple operation. (Mind you, I am not talking about the imaginings which crop up at various stages of most boys' growth and then as inexplicably go away.)

Consider one boy of my acquaintance. He had never been excessively punished. Then, without warning, he began to lie about minor boyish crimes his parents knew he had committed. Fortunately the father was close enough to his son, and gave him a frank talk one evening.

"I wouldn't compel you to be truthful even if I could," was the tenor of his warning. "You have to want to be honest, or else you won't be. You know how your mother and I can't trust you about anything lately because you lie about just a few things. We will go to a lot of trouble to try to believe you; but the rest of the people in the world won't. After they catch you lying a few times, they'll just put you down for a liar and never believe you again. People don't like boys or men who are liars and dishonest. And they show it. People won't like you and trust you if you lie. You won't even like yourself. Don't you think you can have a better time in

life if you tell the truth always, and earn other people's respect and liking? I do."

That simple sermon cleared up the lying for about a year. Then the boy made a tiny slip. The father referred very briefly to their previous talk. That happened some years ago. The boy is now uniformly truthful.

You do not have to plant the desire to be useful in a normal boy. Rather you must exercise self-control to keep from choking it out while he is still a small child. A baby wants to do things for himself, for instance take off his own shoes—but we are in a hurry to put him to bed, so we do it for him. He wants to help wipe off the car—but we won't let him for fear he might scratch the paint. Just because we know

how to do things better than his little hands can, we do everything for him. Then we wonder why, a few years later, he tries to get out of it when we want him to shovel the snow off the front walk.

In Scout work we find nothing else easier than getting a boy to want to be useful. Once he has a taste of it he likes it. If we do not give him the chance to like work, we keep from him something essential to a happy

and successful life. I never yet knew a loafer who was truly happy.

Similarly, it is easy to get a boy to assume his individual responsibility toward others as well as to himself. Too many boys are babied so far into their boyhood that they never realize that they owe responsibilities to others. Yet give even such a boy a badge of authority and he will discharge his duty faithfully and proudly.

Not long ago I was driving in Chicago when a boy traffic officer held up a commanding hand in front of my car. I stopped and he walked over with serious expression. "They put us out here to make sure that school children aren't hurt by automobiles," he told me. "You were driving pretty fast. That's dangerous past a school."

"Scout," I agreed, "you're absolutely right. Thanks for calling my attention to it." That little fellow had the weight of the world on his shoulders. What is more, he was carrying it well. Such a boy will assume responsibility in all the activities of boy life. He will be a better citizen. I have seen that sort of job change a boy's whole attitude from selfishness to service. There are several fine men of my acquaintance whose shift in attitude during their boyhood I could date for them if I thought there was any need of doing so.

You may (Continued on page 42)

COOL SHAVES



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CAST your vote for Ingram's and you pick the COOLEST of all shaving creams! Jar and Tube are running mates on the Cool Shave ticket. From Pole to Poll, you can't find a more soothing lather than Ingram's!

It's cool, cool, cool! Pick the jar or the tube, whichever suits your taste. The jar saves you money; the tube's mighty handy. But both are identical inside!

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
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When a Real Wind Blows

IN his autobiography, the late Walter H. Page, war-time Ambassador to England, observed: "Artificial structures fall when a real wind blows."

In the past few years there has been blowing a real wind that has tested all man-made structures. Among those that have shown impregnable strength the institution of life insurance has been conspicuous.

Life insurance has not only held its own but has lent its strength in all directions as well. It has buoyed up the security markets by purchases. It has sent funds into a mortgage market almost barren of offerings. It has provided ready money to hundreds of thousands of policyholders who were in need.

Life insurance has done all these things in addition to its primary function of protecting the family. It has paid death claims as usual. When endowments and retirement annuities have matured, the funds have been paid with clocklike precision according to contracts made ten, twenty, thirty, and forty or more years ago.

Life insurance endures. It has been tested by many real storms. Why not use its strength as the backbone of your personal fortune? A John Hancock policy taken out now will prove a real bulwark against the future, whatever it may hold.



A mutual, dividend-paying company, 70 years in business. Among the strongest in reserves and assets. Paid policyholders in 1931 over 87 million dollars. Offers every phase of personal and family protection, including also Annuities and the Group forms for firms and corporations.

A. L. M. 11-32

Boys Will Be Men

(Continued from page 41)

wonder why I say that faith in a divine Creator is a requisite of character. When I was a boy, this hardly required saying. But today there is less of active participation in religious work. Theoretically, character is possible without religion. Actually there arise situations in which a human being needs divine help.

The final component of character is alertness to opportunity. The boy should be taught that from all of his time and all of his energy he must demand an adequate return. The return may be to others rather than himself, it may be fun from play or it may be money from work. The point is, he must not simply let time and energy slip from him. This is really a philosophy of life. It is not hard to inculcate in a healthy boy. I have seen it make a serene, purposeful boy out of an unhappy, unsettled youngster almost overnight.

The boy who meets these five specifications has character, and he will make a success of his life. All five must be practically created, for they do not exist in more than rudimentary form in the boy himself. They are being created every day by thoughtful parents, conscientious teachers, interested employers, and devoted,

enthusiastic workers in the boys' field.

There are other points, less essential perhaps, that help a boy become the kind of man we want him to. For instance, if we can keep prejudice out of his make-up, we ease his path. If we can make him genuinely unselfish, we guarantee him greater happiness. If we can train his childish imagination into the concretely useful virtue of adult vision, we have given him a gift beyond price. If fate early allots to him (but not an excessive share) griefs and disappointments, his character will be developed and tempered as it cannot be in any other way.

In ancient Athens it was every man's duty to see that Athenian boys had the opportunity to associate with and emulate the flower of Athenian manhood. This rule might well guide those of us in America today who particularly love boys. For if we help boys to build the lasting ingredients of character we are having a fourfold influence for good.

We are helping the boys. We are assuring finer men. We are making better the period in which we live. And we are guaranteeing both the present and the future of our country.

Open House for All America

(Continued from page 33)

the hall. The W. A. Clark, Jr., University of Virginia room is an example of the most beautiful in colonial art. An exact reproduction of the eighteenth century salon in the Carnavalet Museum, it is paneled in hand-carved oak, adorned by two murals and large leather chairs with American seals, and is a fitting room for its purpose—the office of the National Commander of The American Legion when he is in Paris.

It would serve no useful purpose to describe in detail the more than thirty large rooms that make up Pershing Hall, but a mention of a few will indicate the institutional character of this vast embassy of the Legion's. Any day you will find Legionnaires and non-Legionnaires using the Y. M. C. A.-Masonic library, which already has several thousand volumes on its shelves. And one should speak of the John B. Warden Memorial War Reference library, because here, in the course of time, will be one of the most inclusive collections of war literature to be found anywhere.

And there is a gymnasium, furnished by the Moose. Complete with squash tennis courts and handball courts, it has every device for exercise possible—and a boxing ring.

One could go on to enumerate the Elks Memorial room, complete with motion picture equipment and small stage, and go into detail about the four floors devoted to

Legion activities. Or describe the comfort of "the dugout," reserved for members of Paris Post, where they come of an evening to play that peculiar French card game called "la Belotte."

But to do so would be to use space that should more properly be devoted to describing the deeper significance of Pershing Hall. Consider the effect it is now having on the making of future American citizens—or rather the keeping of them. Here you have the most difficult problem that faces the veteran living in France and the Legion Post to which he belongs.

I was introduced to this situation by Colonel Drake one afternoon when he took me to the third floor of the administration section, opened a door and said, "There is the most heart-breaking problem we face."

I saw a group of children of six to eight years of age, seated in tiny chairs at tinier tables. They were listening intently to what their teacher, Miss Marguerite Anderson, was saying.

"What," she asked, "did the naughty rabbit do?"

You could see strained attention on their faces—the look that comes when a person is translating from one language to another in his mind. Finally she repeated her question in French but asked for a reply in English.

One tow-headed child finally beamed and

cried: "Zee rabbit, 'e—'e manger—no—'e eat zee farmair's choux—no—cabbage."

Most Legionnaires resident in France are married to French wives. The wives bring up the children; the children go to French schools. Hence their language is French—so much so that the tow-headed youngster quoted above is the best English scholar in the class. This would not be such a great difficulty were it not for the fact that when these children reach the age of maturity they will be called upon by the French government to declare their choice of citizenship. They must choose between being French or becoming American. If they do not make a choice then they automatically become French citizens. The parents are helpless.

Don MacAfee, manager of Pershing Hall, who has two children in the school, said: "The parent wields no authority in citizenship choice. I may ask my children to declare as American, but I cannot compel them to do so."

Naturally, ex-Yank soldiers that they are, the fathers want American children. But French schools, French mothers and the inclination always to speak French have combined to make the children French. So when Pershing Hall was opened it gave an opportunity to run a school to teach English. It has become the site of an Americanism effort which involves nearly two hundred sons and daughters of Legionnaires.

Mrs. Harmon Vedder, whose two sons were killed in 1918, is devoting her life to this educational problem. She admits that progress is slow, but she does not despair. "We shan't keep them all Americans. Speaking only French, you can fancy they

won't be long in making their choice. But we run two classes a week, one for kindergarten and one for more advanced students. We have three paid teachers—paid by The American Legion Auxiliary—and a physical instructor paid for by the Forty and Eight. And we always hope for the best."

It is such enterprises as these that make Pershing Hall the center of things American in Paris.

"A couple of hundred guys come in here every day," said Slim Garner. "Before Pershing Hall opened we didn't have any place to meet. You never saw a bird from one post meeting night to the next and maybe not then. Now, hell, you could hold a meeting with a quorum five nights out of seven. And, boy, do they fight that old guerre? What I mean to the grim end. They're full of pep, too, these guys. It gives me a kick to stand here semaphoring with a cocktail shaker every night except Sunday and hear some guy get a bright idea and watch it pan out a couple of months later . . . Hey, René, see what Mrs. Harland wants . . . They all come here—even from the States. Some day I hope to see the guy that helped me win the war."

This article started with the bar and it is as well to end it in the bar—over an *export cassis*. It is a pleasant fall day and the doors are opened onto the Château-Thierry courtyard, and you can see the stone from the Château-Thierry bridge, the stone that the then National Commander Paul McNutt laid in 1929. When he patted down a few trowels of cement the Legion thought only to build a memorial in the capital of the nation it had aided in 1918. Instead it created a memorial of the American people—our second embassy in France.

"Take It From Me—"

(Continued from page 38)

mistakes. But if he has good judgment in his own right, his sound decisions will overbalance his mistakes and will inevitably leave an enviable profit balance at the end of the year.

By A. C. Hough, *President and General Manager, Hough Shade Corporation*

SO FAR as I can remember, I haven't taken very much advice, particularly business advice, in the course of my whole lifetime.

When any proposition that interested me has come to my attention, I have always made energetic efforts to investigate as thoroughly as was practicable, to obtain all possible information bearing on the subject. I have endeavored to weigh carefully everything in its favor and everything unfavorable. Then I have decided on a course based upon careful consideration and weighing of all these factors.

When I have obtained advice on other than legal affairs, and then because of subsequent investigation have acted contrary

to this advice, I have always found that I was pretty much out of luck in future relations with the person whose advice I did not follow.

Of course, in legal matters I ordinarily take the advice of my attorneys. Legal questions in which I have been interested have usually been so technical and have required such broad knowledge of the law and of court decisions that I have endeavored to select an attorney of ability and then have followed his advice strictly. Up to the present I haven't got myself into any complications by following the advice of my attorneys on patent or other legal matters.

By Oscar Grothe, *Vice President White Sewing Machine Corporation*

I WISH it were possible to settle with a few words the whole question of whether to take advice or leave it alone. The problem is not so simple as all that, and consequently hours are required to make such decisions in daily (Continued on page 44)



As fine a load as you could want..

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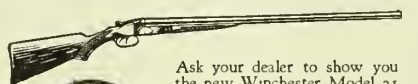
In Xpert you'll find everything you want in a shell for field shooting—fast, hard-hitting, dependable and uniform. Inexpensive, too, for Xpert is a quantity shell as well as a quality shell, made in steadily increasing volume.

Xpert is loaded with powder that is clean, fast and of uniform high quality. Round, smooth, true-to-size shot. And fast, clean, non-corrosive primer that protects your gun from rust.

Xpert, like other Western shells, is loaded with the new, patented Seal-Tite composition wad, the latest product of Western research. It is a big improvement over old type felt wads because it completely seals the bore against the thrust of the powder gases and because it does not take on moisture or give off moisture into the powder.

Western shells are sold by dealers everywhere. Write for free, descriptive leaflets.

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Ask your dealer to show you the new Winchester Model 21 double barrel shotgun. Standard grade, as low as \$65.50, including tax.



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AH, HOW OUR PAUL KNOWS YOU..?



OUR Paul spies you entering our Dining Room. Instantly he thinks: "Where would this person most like to sit? People have such pet likes and dislikes. Elderly people, for instance, and portly ones, must be placed near the entrance where they won't have far to walk. A Grouchy Guest forgets his grouch the minute he's seated where he can look at a Beautiful Lady. Ah, here's *precisely* the table for this person!" So astute is our Paul that you don't even realize you're being psycho-analyzed. All you know is that you're supremely comfortable here . . . the meal so superb . . . the service simply faultless . . . and our revised prices so amazingly thrifty. Come, won't you let our Paul seat you?

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director



"Take It From Me—"

(Continued from page 43)

life where if it were simpler the same number of seconds would do it.

The first requirement that I make before I take anyone's advice is that his mind be sufficiently analytical to make his advice worth taking. To give the simplest possible example, suppose I am driving my car with a friend as a passenger. We come to a deep snowdrift across the road, and I stop to size up the problem. Then my friend bursts forth with his advice: "Go on, put her in low and buck it." This may be excellent advice. Or it may be terrible advice.

If my friend is an impetuous sort of man who I know is always rushing headlong into difficulties, I brush his advice aside as worthless. If I know him for an analytical man, and recognize furthermore that he is just as well aware as am I of the difficulties we shall be in if we get stuck halfway through, I probably take his advice and sail through triumphantly.

Some years ago I had an executive job pretty well down the line in our main factory. We had another plant, which did our woodworking. It was in bad shape—in fact it had just finished a year in which its inventory had shown over \$300,000 shortage below the theoretical stock it should have had on hand. The management of the company sent me over to take charge, with instructions to do the job in any way I saw fit. "There is only one definite piece of advice, though," they added. "Don't tamper with the cost system, for it is a wonder. It was installed only a year and a half ago by a fine firm of cost accountants."

For the first few weeks I did no work except to look over the plant and its problems. By this time it was apparent that the principal difficulty was in the cost system; it did not show what costs were, but rather what they ought to be. Lacking any better guide, I copied down the last year's supposed cost figures for each part we were making there, then threw out the whole system and the clerks who operated it. The next step was to try to manufacture the products at these ideal costs—for I had long since discovered that they were ideal rather than actual. Within nine months the factory had earned back the \$300,000 lost the year previous, and ever since it has been earning a good profit.

So much for well-meant advice.

Or take another instance. When I built a new home, I wanted a really fine garden. I hunted around until I found a firm of landscape architects who were unquestionably competent. I told them what I wanted, and asked for plans and a bid. They made the plans, submitted their bid. We worked over the plans, changed them here and there, and were all ready to go ahead. Then I noticed that there was no drainage system provided for the flower

beds. These beds were to be of loam filled into trenches in the natural clay soil of the place. I knew the loam beds would collect water, which would then stagnate and rot the roots of the plants. And I taxed them with this.

"Why, yes," they admitted haltingly, "if you want a really fine job you need the drainage. But it will cost almost double."

"You're a fine bunch," I told them. "I didn't ask you to figure to a price, I asked you to give me a fine garden. I am paying for your advice and paying for the work, and you leave out that tiling! What's the idea, anyhow?"

"Well," the boss explained apologetically, "you know we are always in competition with other firms. They won't figure in a drainage system, and if we put it in the plans we are bound to be so high that we won't get the jobs. So we simply have to leave it out."

We installed the drainage, and the result is a garden which grows with almost tropical luxuriance. It was expensive, but it is well worth what it cost.

That instance illustrates two important points in connection with advice. In the first place, it is necessary to obtain a really competent advisor—as these landscape folks are. But in the second place, it is not safe to take their advice without questioning their motives. For once you know their motives, their competence, and their analytical ability you can tell whether your advisors' counsel is worth taking. Until you know all three of these qualifications, I suspect you will do better to go your own headstrong way.

By Z. W. Ranck, President
The Crystal Tissue Company

WHAT guides me in accepting advice? Just this: Confidence in the man from whom I seek advice. When I know a man has wrestled with problems, has thought his way through difficulties, has courageously overcome obstacles and accomplished the unusual, I will go to that man, seek his advice and respect it. Such a man is a thinker, a doer—and he has the courage of his convictions. Thought, action, faith—these are the ingredients from which comes confidence. And I look for them in the most generous proportions.

Oh, yes. I want my advisor to be a man of experience. Then, too, I want to know something of his background of experience. If it is in the realm of what I am seeking advice on, so much the better. My own business happens to be the manufacture of tissue paper. But I often seek business advice from men not engaged in the manufacture of paper. The outside mind often reveals a startling grasp of some particularly knotty problem. Against the other fellow's background of experience, I lay my own, turn it over, weigh this against that, select and reject to the best of my ability.

Whatever the conclusion is, I translate it into action as speedily as possible because it has been born of confidence.

But no man who seeks advice can escape the responsibility of making the decision. He is the judge. Not always does his judgment tell him to follow the advice of another. I shall always remember one time I did not follow the advice of a man in whom I have always had an unshakable confidence and an abiding faith. That man was for years my business superior. Across whatever I have accomplished his influence is written large and always will be. It was he who taught me, guided me, even as a father. When the management of our company became my responsibility, it was only natural I should go to him for advice.

Then came the time when I was tempted to buy another paper mill and broaden the scope of our activities. I had found the mill, looked it over, and decided it was a bargain at the price asked. I was on my way to the train to go and buy the mill. Passing the house of my long-time superior, I thought I would drop in for a few

minutes and tell him of my wonderful plan. Well, he listened—let me tell the whole story. And then he quietly said, "My boy, don't do it." Then he told me why I shouldn't do it.

I took his advice. Subsequent events proved it sound. I was headed straight for trouble, and as I think of it now, my guardian angel must have led me down the street that morning past my good old friend's home.

These moments that tempt us far beyond our limitations are the rocks upon which more than one business career has cracked up. I have in mind a man who got away to a good start, made money, and built up a nice business. He had developed it to the limit of his capacity. Then he was seized by an irresistible desire to spread out. He sought advice—good advice, too. And every person he went to advised against the move. But the man would not listen. He went ahead and spread out. Soon the difficulties began to multiply and there was not the proper organization to take care of them. The inevitable happened, and down went a splendid business.

LEGION WORK CAMPAIGN IS BROADENED

THE National Employment Commission of The American Legion is undertaking a campaign in co-operation with the Banking and Industrial Committees of the twelve Federal Reserve districts, to put into nation-wide operation methods of sharing work.

Throughout every one of the twelve districts a campaign will be carried on to coordinate the efforts of the Legion and of citizens' organizations in reducing unemployment by persuading employers of labor to adopt flexible working periods which will spread existing jobs among as many workers as possible.

The National Employment Commission also will continue its national trade revival campaign to rebuild public confidence, bring hoarded money into circulation, and cause re-employment through industries revived by normal buying power. Noted economists and industrialists will speak once a week for twenty-six weeks over national networks of the Columbia and National Broadcasting systems under Legion auspices, and the country's newspapers will be enlisted to spread the messages of returning good times. Other avenues of publicity which have proved useful in the past will also be used to acquaint the public with the progress of the work as more people get back to jobs.

The Legion will work nationally on the "share the work" program, but will concentrate its efforts in some 2,800 smaller communities in which existing committees carried the million-job campaign through

to success. Secretary of Labor Doak, and President William Green of the American Federation of Labor have endorsed the principle of the share-work campaign. Its objectives are to check the upward trend of unemployment, when work is reduced for seasonal or other reasons, by employing the greatest possible number of workers on a shortened working schedule, thus avoiding adding to unemployment, and to decrease unemployment by a wider spreading of work, now available, among a larger group of employes working shorter periods, rather than by employing a smaller group working longer periods.

Whenever in a particular business an increasing volume of business permits employing additional personnel, it is recommended it be done by distributing the increased work to the greatest possible number, rather than by working longer schedules.

Walter C. Teagle is chairman of the "share the work" movement of the Federal Reserve Banking and Industrial Committees, and the following are chairmen of the "share the work" committees in the twelve districts: Winthrop L. Carter, Nashua, New Hampshire; A. P. Sloan, New York City; Herbert J. Tily, Philadelphia; John E. Galvin, Lima, Ohio; C. A. Cannon, Kannapolis, North Carolina; Ben S. Read, Atlanta, Georgia; George A. Ranney, Chicago; George C. Smith, St. Louis; S. W. Dittenhofer, St. Paul; Conrad Mann, Kansas City; W. S. Farish, Houston, Texas, and K. R. Kingsbury, San Francisco.

13th ANNIVERSARY RECALLS DAY WHEN "OLD SMOKEY" FAILED

Marked turning point in smoking career

THIRTEEN years ago I. G. McKay, now of Lakeland, Florida, reached the turning point of his smoking career. He was stopping at the Palace Hotel in Aberdeen, Scotland. Following a delightful lunch in the grill, he returned to the lounge. Then it was "old smokey" failed him; his "special mixture" was hot and unsatisfying. But a fortunate failure it proved to be—for on that day he discovered Edgeworth. Here is Mr. McKay's own story:

Lakeland, Florida
January, 1932

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

February 3d next marks the thirteenth anniversary of my introduction to Edgeworth Plug Slice.

I struck up an acquaintance with a man named Andy in the grill room of the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, Scotland. After an enjoyable luncheon together we repaired to a cosy corner of the lounge, there to regale ourselves over our coffee and smokes. I brought out old smokey, and filled up with my then favorite blend. Somehow or other, old smokey was like many a bank account today—not drawing very well. I mentioned to my pal that even my special mixture was getting pretty hot on the tongue. Thereupon Andy asked me if I had tried Edgeworth, and I replied that I had never had that privilege.

"Then," said he, "let's walk down to Peter Mitchell's, where you will find a tobacco that will never bite the tongue."

Since that time till now, and I reckon until they make better, Edgeworth has been and will be my preference. In the plug slice form it lasts longer. I believe, than in the ready-rubbed form. It keeps that necessary atmosphere or moisture better than any other tobacco I have tried. And as it doesn't burn away quickly into a powdery form like many others, it satisfies all the more.

Yours very cordially,
I. G. McKay.

Mr. McKay found Plug Slice his favorite form of Edgeworth. It is available, however, in another form too—Ready-Rubbed. In either form, it is a blend of choice burleys with the natural savor sealed in. It comes in all sizes from 15-cent pocket packages to pound humidors. Several sizes come in vacuum sealed tins.

If you would care to try this tobacco at the maker's expense, you can receive a free sample packet of Edgeworth by dropping a line to Larus & Brother Co., 111 S. 22nd St., Richmond, Va. Make it a point next Wednesday evening between 10 and 10:30 (E. S. T.) to listen to the Edgeworth radio program, "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia." It is broadcast over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company.



Thoughts of WASHINGTON



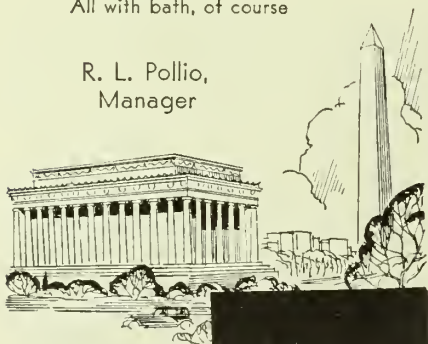
LEGIONNAIRES have a patriotic interest in the many activities of Government.

• When visiting The Capital, stay at The Mayflower, where National Personages reside and great events occur.

• Rates are no higher than at less finely appointed hotels.

Single Rooms from \$4
Double Rooms from \$6
All with bath, of course

R. L. Pollio,
Manager



The
MAYFLOWER
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Where, Oh Where?

(Continued from page 24)

interlocked inextricably. The only possible result ensued; both starved to death. Vultures and other scavengers had done their work well, but the skeletons of the two were found almost intact, months afterward. In a case of this sort it would have been of interest to keep the bones under observation and ascertain just how long it takes vines, grasses and other vegetation to obliterate such remains. As it was, however, some of the smaller bones were missing, no doubt having been carried off by wild-cats or foxes as they attempted to gnaw the last vestige of remaining flesh.

It is a well-known fact everywhere that deer, moose and elk shed their antlers annually, and yet the finding of such antlers is really so rare as to be something of an event. With the thousands of these animals still remaining in this country and the multitudes of people who go afield in ever increasing numbers, it is remarkable that more dropped horns are not found. Indeed, so marked is the scarcity that a belief is current in many localities that the animals bury the antlers themselves as they drop! There is however, a much more reasonable explanation why some are not found and that is the fact that forest dwelling rodents devour them. Strange as this may seem, it is certainly true. Porcupines seem particularly fond of gnawing upon antlers and have been photographed by flashlight at night, engaged in the practice. Various wood rats, mice and others indulge this taste also, and so many antlers must disappear at least in part. But this cannot wholly account for the extreme rarity with which they are discovered.

In some arid regions one can find the skulls and horns of long dead antelope, sheep and buffalo. The great plains of this country are examples, and still give mute evidence of the slaughter which destroyed the bison years ago. The skull and horns seem to last almost indefinitely in desert regions where the air is as dry as the soil and even record "spreads" have turned up in the finds of this nature. James L. Clark, of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, tells in his fascinating book, "The Trails of the Hunted," of a skull and horns of that magnificent wild sheep of the Russian Pamirs, *Ovis poli*, which measured seventy-five inches along the spiral. They were found attached to a bleached skull and still stand as the largest on record. Doubtless, the high and forbidding country in which this animal is found supports little life otherwise and bones are subject only to the attacks of the weather. Such a condition is vastly different from those which prevail in a wooded region where moisture, abundant life and other agencies tend to eliminate natural remains.

After hurricanes, or even less severe storms, tropical birds are sometimes found dead along the beaches of our southeastern

coastline. I have discovered that he who would see the remains of such wind-tossed storm victims must get out early after the blow subsides, or others will be ahead of him. Not to mention foxes, raccoons, minks and vultures which delight in a feast of bird flesh, the lowly sand-crab is ever on the alert. These pale, ghostly runners of the dunes can clean up the carcass of a sea-bird in a remarkably short time and numerous holes in the sand about the remains of such a victim give evidence that these scavengers are on the job, whether one sees them or not. Records valuable to science have resulted in walking a barrier island beach the morning after a storm, since birds never before occurring in that locality have been discovered. But the ornithologist must be quick or the sand-crabs will leave him little.

The very modern menace of oil pollution of the ocean wreaks great damage among certain sea-birds which alight on the surface. Coming down into an area of oily water, their plumage becomes so fouled with it that they are unable to rise again and they either float ashore by slow degrees to starve, or some predatory fish or shark snaps them up. On three or four occasions I have found dead or dying birds on the Carolina beaches, their feathers matted and discolored by the oil which rendered them helpless. There is no doubt that they fall a prey to the various scavengers of the beach and marsh and, in the shifting sands, their bones are lost.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the remains of the smaller birds and animals disappear. The question becomes more complicated when we turn to the larger species and reaches a climax in the largest of all land animals, the mighty elephant. Having no natural enemies, the elephant is one of those favored animals that natural death claims oftener than a violent one. If an elephant escapes being shot, it will probably die a natural death, since no other animal attacks it. And yet so very rare is the finding of the remains of these great beasts that it seems to many that elephants never die!

It is a well-known fact that elephants live to a great age. Such is quite evident from records kept of captive animals, many of which have been worked for fifty, seventy-five or more years, in India. Both in that country and in Africa, where elephants are still to be found in large herds, the discovery of remains of dead ones are so extraordinarily rare as to be all but unheard of. In an animal of such vast bulk this is indeed amazing. The fact has been commented on and discussed by nearly every authority on the natural history of these countries and we are today no nearer the solution of the mystery than ever!

Natives of both India and Africa cling doggedly to the firm belief that all ele-

phants repair to some secluded spot in the jungles to die. They go thither when the conviction of approaching death comes to them and, in that Valhalla of the huge beasts, they pass away. And not only this; the natives as stoutly maintain that other elephants bury their dead companions! We may smile incredulously at such a belief of the dusky huntsmen but we cannot advance a theory or a fact which absolutely disproves such a belief.

Some of the most remarkable things relating to animals have to do with elephants. What other creature, for instance, renders distinct aid to a companion overtaken by an accident? Such aid as assisting the stricken one to its feet and supporting it on either side as it is led away through the jungle. Elephants have been seen to do this, and Carl Akeley has immortalized this characteristic of theirs in lasting bronze.

But to return to the dead elephants. That such an enormous skeleton should fail to be found by natives, explorers and scientists is a complete mystery. The tons of flesh which cover the great bones may disappear rapidly enough under the attention of hyenas, vultures, jackals and natives, but the massive skull, the all but imperishable tusks and teeth, to say nothing of backbone, leg bones and ribs, these surely must often remain where the animal fell. And yet no one ever finds them! That this question has occupied the mind of man for a very long while is shown by the repeated reports that, somewhere in the unknown jungles, is a vast store of ivory; that the tusks of the elephants which have died for generations, lie in this pachydermic graveyard awaiting a fortunate discoverer! It is said that actual expeditions have been organized and gone afield with this mysterious destination in view but, thus far, all efforts to locate it have failed.

G. P. Sanderson, author of "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India," who was in charge of the Government Elephant Catching Station in Mysore, confesses himself unable to provide a solution to the mystery. He never saw the remains of an elephant in the forest and never saw a native or professional hunter who had, except at a time when a disease attacked the animals of the Chittagong region. He found a portion of one tusk in 1876 which was damaged by exposure in a morass, and cites the discovery of another, almost fossilized, but there were no other remains in either case. Certainly if, during his many years in India, any elephant remains had been found he would have been informed of them.

An experience of F. W. Champion, an officer of the Imperial Forest Service of India, is perhaps the sole record of the discovery of an elephant which had actually died of old age and nothing else. In November, 1926, he received a report from one of his range officers that an elephant had been found dead in his territory. Realizing the rarity of such an occurrence, he ordered that the animal be untouched

and went himself, as soon as possible, to view it.

There was every indication that the animal, which was a female, had died of senile decay. She was much emaciated; there was no hair on the skin and the ears were greatly turned over. The droppings found nearby, contained entire leaves and blades of grass, such signs of undigested food being certain indications of failing teeth. Mr. Champion had the jaws cut open with an axe and found only one tooth in the upper, this being worn perfectly smooth. The few molars in the lower jaw were reduced to mere stumps. The natives of the vicinity avowed that the elephant had been known to them for a year and that she was so old and weak that she had been unable to join the wandering bands of her fellows as they passed through. The most remarkable feature, however, was the undoubted fact that the huge body had been moved between its discovery by the range officer and the time when Mr. Champion saw it, although no man had touched it!

Certainly the hyenas, jackals and vultures which had already been at work on the carcass could not possibly have moved the mountainous body themselves. It weighed tons, and no amount of tugging and hauling on the part of such puny creatures could have so much as budged it. Again the natives came forward and stated positively that, while they watched, two wild elephants visited the spot soon after the old female had died and that they had moved her.

NO part of the earth seems to be devoid of this strange condition. In cold regions such as the far north, we must conclude that snow and ice play similar roles there, as does vegetation, mould and the like in temperate and torrid zones. At any rate, animal remains in the Arctic are as uncommon as in kinder climes. Such large creatures as the polar bear and the walrus might be listed as northern animals which have few, if any, natural enemies. Since the former does not prey to any extent on the latter, it is likely that individuals of both species attain the end of life through old age. The country amid which they dwell is harsh and forbidding to a degree, but they are admirably adapted to an existence there, and much better than an existence, since both thrive. Neither starves to death in all probability, unless advancing years cause them to become incapable of procuring food. Such being the case, what becomes of such massive bones as those of bear or walrus? Buried in many cases, by snow and ice no doubt, and yet explorers would have had ample opportunity to find some traces at least. As a matter of fact, finds of the sort are few. It is highly probable that some of the older Eskimo hunters could throw some light on this mystery, but as yet few have done so. The question of quick decay on the part of the flesh of dead arctic animals is not that which applies to creatures of temperate zones either. The entire body might well last (Continued on page 48)

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Where, Oh Where?

(Continued from page 47)

intact for months and even years in the frigid atmosphere beyond the Arctic Circle, so that the finding of remains might result in the discoverer being utterly unable to ascertain whether the animal was recently dead or not. The writer seems to recall that a mastodon was found somewhere in Siberia which even had the hair on the skin, and the body wonderfully preserved although the animal lived ages ago! Naturally, a find of this nature would find a place on the front page of every newspaper in civilization, but the discovery of any animal dead in the North is likely to be much talked of. That we do not read of any augurs the rarity of the thing.

Truly, the dead far out-number the living anywhere we turn, but even considering the wide range of the various continents, we are faced with the conviction that the vastest repository of the dead must, after all, be the ocean. The largest

of all animals and indeed, the largest of living things inhabit the sea and the combination of violent and natural deaths which have gone on for centuries amid the whales have doubtless littered many a deep with enormous skeletons. When, on beholding a collection of whales' bones in a museum, we are impressed with the hugeness of the things, it must be apparent that no other creature could possibly consume them.

Therefore, they are in the sea somewhere, covered by growths of barnacles and sea-weeds but, nevertheless, there. Whales have no natural enemies, that is some of the really big whales like the Sperm, and those voracious tigers of the seas, the Killer Whales. There is little doubt but that old age must account for numbers of them, and then they disappear below the waves forever. The continents are the graveyards, as well as the supporters of life, but the illimitable ocean

holds more of vanished life than ever the land does and is the graveyard of other things than ships.

To ask questions and then not answer them is undoubtedly a reprehensible practice and this brief sketch is largely interrogative, but when no one can answer satisfactorily, it is hoped that these questions will be excused. If they do no more than awaken an interest in that fascinating field which natural history offers, they will not have been asked in vain.

They do this, anyway—they make us realize that, on land and sea, there remains much of mystery in regard to the lower animals, not only in their varied lives but among "the beasts that perish." These mysteries are old, so old that they parallel the creatures themselves and they may never become much clearer, remaining as Kipling remarks, "to delight all those who love to wonder."

Fast Asleep: Millions of Dollars

(Continued from page 13)

every year. In 1931, there was paid in interest \$157,685.15 on the Second Liberties, on coupons of dates not later than November 15, 1927. This suggests how variable the amounts of the matured war-issue funds, both interest and face, are.

"Matured debt" is a fluctuating amount, subject to large increase immediately after the calling or maturing of a loan owing to delays by many holders in presenting their bonds for payment. But no World War issue has been called or matured since September 15, 1928, and the trend of the matured-debt total in the last four years has been steadily downward. "Interest outstanding unpaid" is subject to sharp increases directly after interest periods of unmatured issues, owing to failure to present coupons promptly—Jim has gone fishing and Bill is painting the barn—so that a chart of past-due and unpaid interest at intervals through a year shows distinct "humps" just after these periods.

Bonds may be lost at home, on the way to the office, or at sea. Bonds may drop out of mind when placed in safe deposit boxes by owners who failed to appoint deputies or to inform relatives of their having rented such boxes, and who then died or went to prison or were committed to institutions for mentally defective. Such bonds lie in the safes awaiting claimants.

Damaged bonds turned in to the Treasury for redemption or replacement suggest what may have happened to other bonds on which recovery was never attempted, or granted, and whose face values and cou-

pons, in due time, became part of matured debt and outstanding unpaid interest. Bonds come to the Treasury in all states of damage—charred by fire, eaten by acid, chewed by rats, rotted from burial in the earth. Even when a bond is destroyed by fire or other cause, the owner may obtain a duplicate bond on presenting to the Treasury adequate proof of destruction and a surety bond to protect the Government against the original's ever turning up.

Bonds may be stolen and they and their coupons withheld for months or years until the thieves think vigilance has relaxed. About eighty percent by volume of all the Liberty and Victory issues were bearer bonds, and the Government cannot do other than honor such paper on presentation, when due. It cannot require that a person presenting such a bond or its coupon at a bank or the Treasury give a surety that he is the rightful owner. However, in the case of a stolen bond that is honored by the Treasurer, the Government will inform the rightful owner how the bond reached the Treasury, from what bank it came. Virtually all bonds and coupons in the war issues are cashed at banks, sent by them to the Federal Reserve Banks of the various districts and by the latter to the Treasury.

The true owner of a stolen bond must be able to describe the bond accurately, if he would stand the best chance of getting assistance from the Government. Being informed of the bank from which the bond came, he may be able to trace back to the wrongdoer himself and recover from him.

The Treasury has been able to help many bondholders in this way, and more than one wrongdoer has found as a sequel that it is not safe to challenge the United States Government.

A record of a detailed description of one's bond is as valuable in case of loss or damage as in case of theft. The owner should be able to describe and identify his property. His record should disclose the loan to which the bond relates, the number of the bond, its series, the date it falls due and its face value. Thus:

J 00189899 Series Oct. 24, 1918, due Oct. 24, 1938—\$50.00.

Prudence suggests that every one who owns one Liberty bond or one hundred should keep such a record for each bond. Such a record for every bond sold is contained in the books of the Treasury.

The collector's urge may account for some small part of the matured-debt total on these World War issues. Some buyers are said to have made a point of acquiring at least one bond of each of the ten issues and, being in position to indulge the inclination, have hung on to those bonds and will continue to hang on to them in preference to turning them in as they mature. They don't want to break their suits. The same spirit may have extended to their treatment of the coupons, as well. They have an impressive souvenir of the great war to hand down to their posterity.

One may wonder what denominations figure most largely in the withheld bonds. There are suggestive figures on that. An analysis, as of April 30, 1932, of the out-

standing Victory notes, the last of which matured in 1923, disclosed this distribution of the total of \$1,134,500:

Number of pieces	Size of note
8,514	\$ 50
3,068	100
236	500
199	1,000
5	5,000
1	10,000
<hr/>	
12,023	

Of the total number of notes out, 96 percent were in denominations of \$50 and \$100, and 71 percent were of the smaller size. The average size, statistically, was \$94.36. If this average be extended to the entire matured-war-issue debt as of April 30th last, \$9,595,800, it would appear that about 100,000 bonds and notes were represented by it. Just how many individual owners held these securities nobody knows, but it seems reasonable to assume that the number went into the thousands.

One may wonder, too, what is the history of that lone \$10,000 note, bearing no interest for the last nine years at least.

A singular revelation of the Treasury records, having to do with the unpresented bonds, is that on April 30th last more than 70,000 temporary Liberty Loan securities were listed as never having been exchanged for permanent bonds; as, in other words, having been inactive continuously for a dozen years or more. It will be recalled that purchasers of the Liberty issues received at first temporary securities, which were to be exchanged at a later date for permanent bonds.

Except in the case of the First 3½'s, each of these temporary securities had four coupons attached and was exchangeable when the fourth coupon fell due for a permanent bond bearing the full coupon quota. These temporary securities were called "interim receipts" for the First 3½'s and "temporary bonds" for the next seven issues. "Temporaries" were not issued in connection with the Victory notes.

Seven hundred fifty-four of the interim receipts, representing a face value of \$67,200, were recorded, April 30th last, as never having been exchanged; and 69,885 temporary bonds, of face value of \$5,347,300. Not only had none of these been presented for payment of the principal as called or matured, but no interest had been collected on any of the temporary bonds since, at the latest, the dates of their fourth coupons. However, interest was due to dates of call or maturity, and this uncollected interest is included in the "outstanding unpaid" total.

It should be emphasized again that most of these will doubtless be presented for payment, in time.

These temporary bonds accounted, April 30th, for almost one-fourth of the matured war-issue debt. Temporary bonds that were outstanding, matured, on that date were, in (Continued on page 51)

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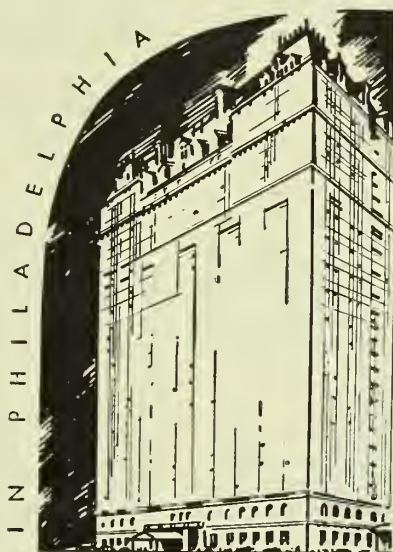
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Wash., D. C. Estab. 1859
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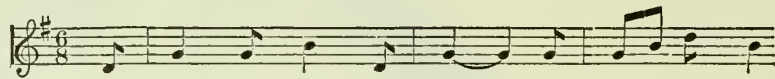
By Wallgren



WILL YOU EVER FORGET? - THE FIRST TIME YOU TRIED TO ROLL YOUR OLD ARMY PACK (ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS) SO THAT IT WOULDN'T COME APART ON A HIKE, & SPILL ALL YOUR BLANKETS, ETC., IN THE MUD? - A PROBLEM THAT MOST OF US HAVE STILL TO MASTER - EH?



WILL YOU EVER FORGET? - THE FIRST FOLDING ARMY COT YOU EVER STRUGGLED WITH? - HOW YOU YANKED, AND PULLED, AND HAMMERED - AND PINCHED YOUR FINGERS - AND SWORE - BEFORE YOU GOT IT SET UP? - AND THAT TERRIBLE FIRST NIGHT YOU TRIED TO SLEEP ON IT?



You're in the ar - my now, You're not be - hind



WILL YOU EVER FORGET? - THE LONG WINTER UNDIES YOU WORE DURING THE GUERRE? HOW YOU HOWLED, AND ITCHED, AND SCRATCHED, WHEN YOU FIRST PUT THEM ON - AND HOW, UP ON THE FRONT, YOU'D WEAR 'EM (COOTIES, & ALL) FOR WEEKS AT A TIME, WITHOUT CHANGING?



WILL YOU EVER FORGET? - YOUR FIRST RIFLE? - ISSUED ALL DRIPPING WITH GREASE - THAT GOT ALL OVER YOUR BUNK & UNIFORM WHEN YOU TRIED TO CLEAN IT OFF? - AND HOW YOU GOT "K.P." FOR TELLING THE "TOP" IT WAS A JOB FOR A GREASEBALL - NOT A SOLDIER!!?

Fast Asleep: Millions of Dollars

(Continued from page 49)

three distinct classifications, thus:

Liberty loans	Number of pieces	Amount
Second 4's	9,507	\$ 701,150
Second 4¼'s	2,974	305,250
Third 4¼'s	20,161	1,454,300
	32,642	\$2,460,700

It is fifteen years since the original issue, the 4 per cent, of the Second Liberty Loan. These temporary bonds may be in existence or they may have been lost or destroyed. If in existence, they may be presented for payment someday, any day; some of them may be keepsakes.

Sentiment may play a part in the problem of the holdouts. When the Liberty bonds were sold to the public in 1917 and 1918, effort was made to have every man in the service buy a bond. Many of them did so, often by monthly instalments deducted

from their pay. One can conceive of parents' regarding such bonds of their sons who didn't come back as something akin to sacred. Can it be, may it not be, that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, silent, unknown, throughout this land are retaining many of these temporary bonds as once treasured by their soldiers, gone west—cherishing them as mementoes of immeasurable sacrifice?

To round out this treatment and insure it balance, it may be in order to state that the total matured debt of the United States, from all sources, as of June 30, 1932, was \$60,079,385.26, of which the amount from World War issues, \$9,264,500, formed only a small part. It is pertinent, also, that on that date there was a total of \$8,201,314,555 of First and Fourth Liberty loan bonds, still unmatured and very much alive in semi-annual interest obligation and ultimate principal demand.

Clever, These Yankees

(Continued from page 15)

pre-stove days. We save ourselves scorchings by using their long-handled frying pan and grills which are the equivalent of their whirling broilers. The fireplace also may be credited with inspiring such helpful gadgets as the Cape Cod fire-lighter and a brass mechanical bellows which, properly wound up, puffed away merrily and spared elbow grease.

Many articles our ancestors employed have fallen into ill-deserved disuse, for they would prove handy if revived. In spite of electric lights, candles now are what the well-dressed dinner table will wear; and they call for the snuffer with a compartment to confine the unpleasant odor of an extinguished wick and a hinged blade to trim it. The old-time silver siphoning tube with spigot cut-off might well replace the rubber tube utilized by the home brewer or vintner nowadays. Although books at present seldom run to tome proportions, a replica of John Dickinson's reading desk would be a convenience. It was a four-sided lectern supported on a pole standard through its center. Screw threads were carved on the wooden pole, making the desk adjustable at a convenient level in front of the reader's easy chair.

Certainly our modern household aids are what they have become because they rose on the firm foundations of early American ingenuity and were inspired by its tradition. Picture, by way of illustration, a possible day in our great-grandparents' generation.

The man of the house comes downstairs to confront one of those remarkable clocks which inform him of the month, day, hour, tides and phases of the moon. An indicator in the ceiling of the portico (Jefferson's

invention) by virtue of its connection with the weathervane tells him the direction of the wind and he need not walk away from the house to get a view of the roof. As he passes the kitchen, he notes with anticipation preparations for dinner. His good wife is supervising and with her own fair hands cutting out the pie crust with that little spiked wheel on an ornate handle, the pie-edger. With wise forethought he had presented it to her as an engagement present, as many young men did. The wine-cooler is being filled and the ice water vase is on the sideboard. That vessel has separate compartments for the water and the ice, very sparing of the latter since the ice house cannot be replenished until next winter.

A guest arrives. Her traveling trunk is round and can be rolled into place without scratching the floor.

Host, hostess, and guest gather around the open fire after the evening meal in the chill fall evening. Adjustable fire-screens, as handsome as they are useful, keep too much heat from their faces. The host takes his long clay churchwarden from the handy pipe rack guarding its fragility. He fills it with tobacco from a small drawer beneath the pipe rack. The iron contrivance he grasps next has a compartment for flint and steel. When the spark refuses to catch in the tinder, he merely puts the iron gadget to its other use as tongs, seizing a coal from the fireplace and thus lighting his pipe. Attached to the tongs is a tamp whereby he presses down the tobacco in the bowl.

Now the lady of the house is persuaded to render a selection on the harmonicon or musical glasses. In a polished mahogany case, its support (Continued on page 52)

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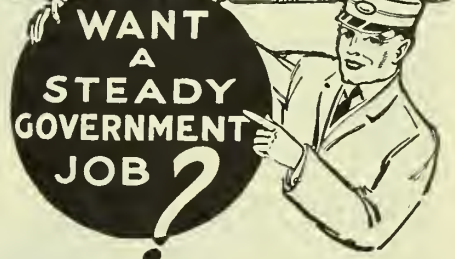
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Clever, These Yankees

(Continued from page 51)

carved with the lyre motif, repose twenty-four capacious glasses filled with water to various levels. Each is marked by the letter of a musical note. The glasses more distant may be brought into easier reach since they are set on a turntable rotated by a foot spindle. The hostess daintily wets her index fingers and by rubbing them around the tops of the glasses plays an old Irish air.

The music over, the host proposes a game of cards. As will all too often be the case in the later day of auction and contract bridge, they have been unable to get a fourth. No matter; they will play ombre, a variety of whist now unhappily obsolete. Providentially it is a three-handed game and out is brought a three-cornered table designed for that pastime.

Remarking that he has a hard day on the estate tomorrow, the host retires after several hands. The ladies sit up longer to gossip and play backgammon, that game which has made such a lusty come-back in the last two years. The board is lined with soft material to dull an "odious sound," the unregenerate rattle of the dice. "And so to bed."

Like backgammon, bootjacks staged a strong revival in 1917 when the war put thousands of officers into the riding boots which were the daily wear of their forefathers. Perhaps some one thought of copying that antique which is the bootjack supreme—a walnut piece equipped with

not only a fork to catch the heel but also a prong which, pivoted on a standard, let down to hold the toe of the boot firm. The standard rose waist high and was topped with a handle grasped by the boot remover to preserve his balance during his struggles to extricate his foot.

So by direct survival or easily evident evolution the ingenious devices of the past have come down to us. The writing-arm chair has taken its place in the cafeteria. We may recognize the lazy tongs today in the telephone extension-arm. The furnace, of course, is the child of the Franklin stove. The fountain pen was a step forward from the cylinder containing two compartments, one for pen and the other for ink horn. Many electric light fixtures are in the form of the candle holders of yore. Perhaps the strangest adaption of all is that of an invention by Thomas Jefferson, a mechanism he installed in Monticello.

Double doors of glass and mahogany in that gracious mansion could be opened simultaneously by stepping on a pedal set in the floor in front of them. This is the principle of the device used today in opening the double doors of street cars. Perhaps it is just as well that the door opener has been transferred to street cars, for it flung wide Monticello's portals all too readily to guests. And hospitable folk who used it nowadays might find themselves, like Mr. Jefferson did in his time, eaten out of house and home.

Double Proof

(Continued from page 11)

a bench under the trees opposite the gate, and sat down and put his head in his hands. A moment later Conceau walked out importantly, as if some momentous business awaited him. He disappeared quickly up the street, and after ten minutes Merton stepped out with Fifi on his arm. They were arguing, and Merton's angry voice drifted up to the window.

"Go on, then, wild cat!" the American cried finally, "I'll do as I please!"

He shook himself free of the girl and stalked away, still shouting abuse at her. She looked after him for a minute, and Bond saw her slender shoulders stiffen, as if determination had come to her, and she followed him rapidly into the dusk.

The clock in the village church struck eight. Bond, feeling that he was wasting time, descended to the old-fashioned lounge, where a fire of driftwood burned noisily on the hearth and a pair of commercial travelers played checkers. Bond talked to them for a few minutes. At nine, when the church clock tolled, he bade them goodnight and went to the door.

Darkness smote him, and he stepped cautiously over the cobblestones in the

courtyard. The air had chilled, with a rising wind. Waves pounded the beach at the foot of the cliff, and a fine fog, wet as rain, pelted southward. The lieutenant was breathing deeply, thinking, a little confusedly, of the events in the dining room, when he was startled by a figure looming out of the darkness in front of him, then recognized the little artist, Kelly.

"Raw weather," Kelly said, and Bond heard his teeth chatter as he passed into the hotel door.

Bond followed him. He would talk to Kelly. The man was sober, and even though he looked on Merton as a benefactor, he undoubtedly would drop a few crumbs of information about him. Kelly, however, did not pause in the lounge. He was already on the stair when Bond stepped in, and before the lieutenant could call to him, the outer door opened quickly again, and Durtal the banker entered.

Of the two, Bond thought quickly, Durtal was more serious and respectable than Kelly and therefore could help the more.

The banker, too, was shivering.

"Have a hot grog, sir," Bond invited.

"Delighted," Durtal agreed. "I have come no farther than the Colonel Merton's house, but I am chilled. The air it is unusually chill."

"That is nearby?" Bond asked.

"Not two hundred paces, down on the shingle. He is not at home, though. I grew cold while I waited for him to answer my knock."

"He'd sleep heavily tonight," Bond guessed.

"The house was dark and the door locked," Durtal said. "He was out, drinking more, very likely. I wanted to talk business with him." He shrugged his stooped shoulders. "It seems that those of your fellow countrymen who are here among us imbibe most heavily, mon lieutenant."

"You've known Merton long?" Bond inquired.

He regretted next minute that he had asked the question so soon. The banker, who was swallowing the last of his grog, set down the cup a little pettishly, as if the taste had been too sweet, and said:

"Not long. I am a banker, sometimes he consults me. The franc, she is skittish these days . . . up . . . down . . . up . . . down! I am tempted with drink myself to make me forget its antics!" His glass eye caught the sparkle of the fire and reflected it, owlishly, and he drummed his fingers on the bar. Then, sighting the men across the lounge, he exclaimed: "Ah, I see one now who always wishes to know what the autocratic little lady did today." He eased off quickly toward the two commercial travelers.

Bond followed, a little puzzled. Apparently the respectable banker, St. Alban's leading citizen, was ashamed, after tonight's dinner scene, of any acquaintance at all with Colonel Merton. As for the two commercial travelers, their interest in the franc apparently was as keen as Durtal had thought.

The three argued the exchange rate violently, cursed the substantial dollar and the worthless German mark with equal fervor while Bond listened patiently. He still might learn more of Merton. But at midnight he gave it up, and lighting his candle, excused himself. Durtal followed him to bed, and within five minutes the travelers also.

Bond slept at once. He was awakened sharply to hear a voice shouting in the corridor. How long he had slept he could not guess. He looked quickly at his watch by the beam of his flashlight. It pointed to half after three.

The cry was repeated, and he ran to the door, snatching it open. In the dim light of the corridor he made out Durtal pulling on his tight trousers, and a few steps behind, Kelly, in bare legs, holding the flame of a match to a candle wick.

"What's up?" Bond demanded.

Durtal cried: "In the name of the sacred saints! You did not hear it, did not hear the shooting?"

"What shooting? Where?"

"Three shots." Durtal waved his bare arm. "Out there, outdoors, somewhere!"

Bond squeezed past them quickly, and pushing his flashlight ahead, hurried down the stair. He shot the bolts in the front door, let down the chain and stepped out.

The black, windy fury of the night assailed him, nipped his bare legs with wet teeth and pounded against his chest. Neither ears nor eyes were a match for the yelling elements, so he could hear nothing except storm, and could see less. As he returned inside, Kelly was coming toward him through the lounge, shielding his candle with his palm. Durtal and the two commercial travelers were at his heels. Kelly was sober.

"You did not hear it?" the banker demanded again.

"I heard nothing, either," Kelly insisted, his voice defensive, and Bond saw his fingers tremble as they held the candle. The banker pressed his left hand protectively over his bad eye. His teeth were chattering.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Three-thirty," Bond told him, and the banker repeated:

"Three-thirty!"

The candle flickered. Bond, looking from one man to another, saw fear in all their faces. Durtal might have been dreaming, of course. The lieutenant listened again intently. Even within the house he could hear the scream of the north wind and down on the beach the heavy drum of surf.

"Three-thirty," Durtal repeated. "It will be daylight in an hour. We can investigate then."

"No," Bond objected. "Right now, no waiting. Not if it really was shots."

"We'll find nothing in the dark," Durtal argued.

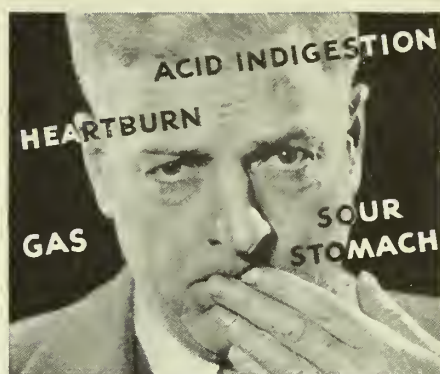
"But it would be foolish to wait," Bond said.

"It's no affair of mine," one of the commercial travelers decided. "I'm going back to bed."

His companion followed him. Bond hurried upstairs. To reach his own room he must pass the doors of both Kelly and Durtal, and he hesitated in front of each. Durtal had left his candle burning, and Bond observed that both his windows were closed and the shutters tight.

Wind sweeping in his own open case-ment struck him like a cold, wet sponge, and he quickly closed the sash and snapped the fasteners. As he did so, he tried to look down into the courtyard, but the night again prevented, and he realized that Durtal was right in part—it would be difficult to find anything in this foggy darkness. Nevertheless a hot trail is immeasurably better than a cold, so he was dressed and striding impatiently up and down the corridor before Kelly was ready, and the two wasted another pair of minutes thus, awaiting Durtal.

Bond led the way out into the courtyard, flashlight in hand, (Continued on page 54)



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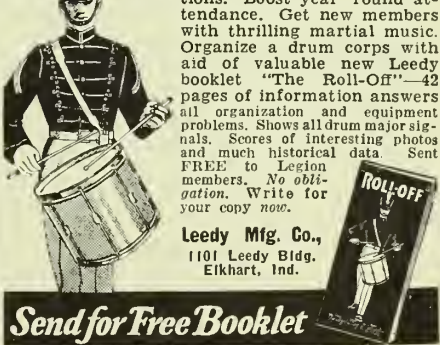


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Double Proof

(Continued from page 53)

and there the wind assailed them, billowing the black cloaks which Durtal and Kelly wore.

"Which way did the shots sound?" Bond demanded.

The banker pointed toward the west.

"There . . . I am positive."

"Where does Merton live?"

Bond heard Kelly gulp, and Durtal turned, looking sharply through the dark at the artist.

"Merton lives there, at the foot of the cliff," the banker said. He motioned toward the east, in the direction opposite that in which he thought the shots had been fired.

Bond hesitated a quarter of a second.

"They must have been near," he said, "to hear them in this wind."

HE started eastward along the empty village street. The pavement ended shortly, and they came out upon a wind-harried open space behind the church, and there were deafened by the roar of the seas below the cliff and the sound of storm in the branches of a small grove of stunted pines. For twenty minutes they walked back and forth fruitlessly.

"No use," Kelly said finally. "It was nothing."

But Durtal persisted.

"My ears are not faulty. Guns at this hour have no good intent. There are houses just ahead."

"It couldn't have been this far," Bond objected, but Durtal set off again as if seized by a new determination, and the other two followed.

They came immediately upon the houses, only a hundred or so meters farther west, a straggling group with one window in one house showing candle light feebly through its shutter chinks. Kelly identified it, shouting into Bond's cold, wet ear.

"That is the girl's house! Fif's! She lives in that room!"

"H'm," Bond said. "A light, too. That's funny. But we have no right to enter." He thought quickly of the scene in front of the hotel between the infuriated colonel and Madame Branche. "Wild cat," he had called her.

The three men stared indecisively. And suddenly the light went out.

"We must wait till morning," Durtal insisted again. "It is still too dark."

Bond sprayed the wet cobblestones with the beam of his flashlamp. It was true. It was too dark to see, and after all, three shots were only three shots.

"Your room faces south," he reminded the banker. "You're sure the sounds came from this direction?"

Durtal spread out his hands. His face, in the gleam of Bond's lamp, looked like the face of a one-eyed mouse.

"Of course it is not possible to be sure."

"Let's go back," Bond said. They walked slowly, but at each step Bond's imagination ran. He remembered the white mark of Merton's palm on Brulais' face and the Frenchman's threat:

"When it comes to killing, we'll see!"

Dawn was breaking when they arrived once more at the gate of the hotel. Without explanation Bond hurried on and sought the stair which led down the steep face of the cliff.

"You do search farther?" Durtal asked.

But Bond was descending recklessly.

So the other two followed him. The wind was falling with the dawn, but still it snapped at their feet and pulled at the two long cloaks. A half dozen small houses crouched under the chalky overhang of the land. Their windows were boarded, and Kelly explained that except for Merton's, they were the property of artists who had not yet come for the season, and were empty now.

"Which is Merton's?" Bond asked, and Kelly silently pointed eastward.

"The third house is Merton's," Durtal said, and they advanced on it together, Bond for once feeling a sense of cold foreboding.

"By the saints!" That was Durtal. "Look!" He pointed through the grayness. "The door!"

It stood open. Bond stepped ahead. The other two had drawn back instinctively, so that he was alone when he entered the small vestibule. The interior lay dark. He pressed the button of his flashlamp and called out the colonel's name clearly once, but there was no reply.

BEHIND the vestibule a second door gaped. It let into the living room, a cold apartment with a smell of fog and damp seaweed on its lifeless air, and a cold gray tile floor. Two windows, high and broad, gave upon the sea, and were shuttered.

In the opposite corner near the hearth, a wide table was stacked with papers in immense disorder, and an army field desk stood open on the floor, with documents and letters spilling over its low sides. A chair lay on its back in front of the table. Two other chairs, near the tall windows, stood face to face, as if two persons had sat, talking confidentially in them. And on the inner wall, on the side away from the sea, hung a round clock with a painted metal face, its long pendulum motionless, hands pointing to half after three.

These things Bond saw in a flash, and his gaze returned to the middle of the floor. There Colonel Merton lay on his back. His left arm was stretched out, open palm upward, his right lay at his side. His feet were spread, right knee slightly bent. He lay in a position into which he would have fallen naturally had death struck him while he stood in the middle of the room.

But a brown stain spread over the gray tile floor, under the round bulls-eye of Bond's flashlamp, a stain already drying, which had its source in a bullet hole in Merton's forehead, directly over the right eye, and another in his side. However, there was no weapon visible.

IT was quite evident that the American who had been regarded as the mainspring of the royalist movement about which American headquarters was so much concerned would give no more trouble.

Bond called, over his shoulder: "Don't come in!"

Kelly's voice, shaken by agitation, replied: "What's wrong?"

"He's dead," Bond answered. "Don't touch the door latch . . . finger prints. . ."

"Finger prints!" the banker repeated hoarsely. "My saints, I've hold of it now!" Bond saw him snatch his hand away.

"Is he . . . shot?" little Kelly demanded.

"In two places," Bond said. "You may stand in the vestibule. Out of the wind. You can see for yourselves. Here," he pushed the beam of his flash about the floor. "Shot in the head . . . and here, in the side. I see only two wounds. Are you sure there were three shots?"

"Three, yes," Durtal choked. "Where's the third bullet, then?" Bond recognized the paroxysm in his voice. Country bankers are unaccustomed to look on murder newly done.

Bond sprayed the walls and ceiling with his flash. On a hook near the window hung a well oiled pistol holster, of army issue, with the flap cut off. It was empty. Bond pushed the light beam farther. Slowly it mounted to the placid, round face of the clock, with the hands pointing mutely to half after three. On the edge of the dial, piercing the number 10, was a jagged hole.

"There's the third shot," Bond said.

He held the beam steadily upon the clock face.

"Sacred Name!" Durtal whispered. "At three-thirty! It halted the clock!"

Kelly added shakenly: "Three-thirty, yes."

Bond turned his flashlamp upon the floor, and stepping carefully, began a search. He was rewarded instantly, for he bent low, picking up a small object. Twice more he stooped and when Kelly demanded, "What's that? What did you find?" he slid his hand into his pocket.

"Empty pistol shells," Bond replied, "caliber thirty-eight." He asked immediately: "Where does Brulais live, Kelly?"

The little artist looked at him stupidly for a moment, then a dark flush spread over his ashy face, and he answered, "Oh, over that way somewhere." He motioned southward. "A rotten rich house, lives alone except for a squad of servants . . ."

"We'd better call the gendarmes," Durtal said.

They stumbled back into the thin dawn. Bond closed and latched the door cautiously as he departed, leaving Merton, who loved light and company, on the cold, dark floor alone.

So, Bond reflected as they made their way from the house, the little opera bouffe investigation which had promised him nothing more than a tedious train trip into the coasts of Brittany and an equally boring return journey was now a complicated murder affair. At first thought there could be no doubt as to who had committed the crime. The almost unprovoked attack on Brulais by Merton and the impassioned outburst of the Frenchman was about as conclusive as one could wish for. "When it comes to killing we'll see!" he had promised Merton. Yes, it looked bad for Brulais. "Wonder if that bird's got an alibi cooked up," he mused.

Thus wrapped in his thoughts he almost ignored Durtal, who was leading the way to the local police post. When Durtal tried to break in on those thoughts Bond surprised him by crying out curtly, "Shut up, I want to think!" and almost immediately, realizing that Durtal did not yet know that he was a police officer, hastily apologized.

Durtal had subsided into sulky silence, however, and Bond was glad, for the instinct of the chase was with him, and he realized he must work quickly and surely. There could be many false clues. His police experience told him that it was comparatively easy to lay your hands on a suspect in a case of this character, but quite another thing to convict him.

And then they were at the police post. The brigadier, a tall, bony man named Juste, was excited and incredulous. Bond showed his credentials.

"You are a police officer?" the brigadier cried.

The fact was startling to both Durtal and Kelly.

"You?" Durtal cried. "You come here for . . .?"

"Rest, as I said," Bond lied. He looked at Kelly. There was relief on the artist's nervous face.

"This case is in your hands," the brigadier said. "Take charge."

Bond wasted no time on formality.

"I want everyone who dined at the hotel last night," he directed. He wrote the names quickly in his notebook and tore out the sheet. "Here's the list. Have them in your barracks at eleven o'clock."

"They shall be there."

"And this. Who keeps Merton's house for him?"

Juste grunted: "A woman beyond suspicion. The Widow Paston, who is very old and takes her piety seriously. I can procure her."

"Bring her to Merton's house at ten. In advance of the others. I want to talk to her first."

"You think . . .?" It was Durtal, eager to hear an opinion.

"Oh, a good many things," Bond said.

"But there's no use of your staying."

"If we can help?"

"You helped enough hearing the shots," Bond conceded. He looked again at Kelly. The little man still was shivering. "Go home," Bond told them. "Eat your breakfast and get warm."

He satisfied himself, with the aid of

Brigadier Juste, that there had been no strangers in town the night before, and that in recent weeks, at least, Merton had been seen with no woman other than Fifi Branche. Bond was returning, then, to Merton's

house, where Juste had placed a gendarme on guard, when he saw the porter from the Golden Whale hurrying toward him.

"A letter for you," the old man said, and held out an envelope.

Bond slit it with his thumb, unfolded the sheet, and stared at it. The signature, scrawled in pencil, was "Kelly."

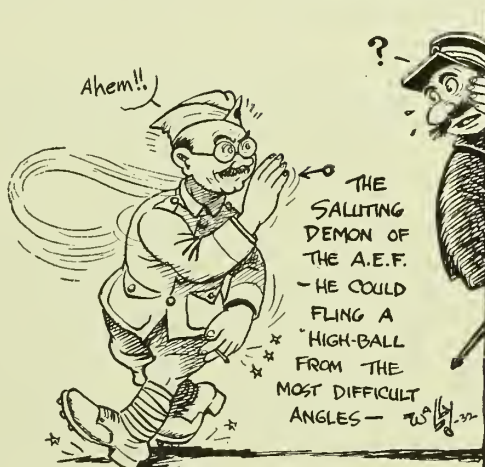
He read: "Mr. Bond: If you are an American police officer, I'd rather talk to you than to the French police. I happen to know positively who killed Merton. I was there. Meet me at my studio at a quarter to ten."

Bond read it again. The pencil marks danced before his eyes in the morning sunlight. He stuffed the note into his pocket and looked at his watch. The hands said nine-forty. He had five minutes.

He found the studio at once, a miserable one-room shed at the foot of the cliff, with white sand heaped about it.

He rapped at the weather-stained door, rapped again impatiently. The hinges creaked, and the panel swung in, for the latch had not caught. Bond cried out at the sight which met him. On the floor, in the middle of the room, doubled on his face, the artist lay dead. He had been shot in the back.

(To be concluded)



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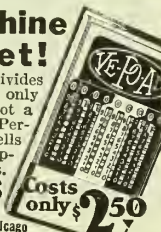
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(Continued from page 25)

has filled the most important one in Alvin Owsley's life was at Muncie, Indiana, during his term as National Commander. Arthur Ball was Department Commander of Indiana and after the meeting he introduced the National Commander to his sister Lucy. Two years later she became Mrs. Alvin Owsley.

They live at Owsley Bells on Turtle Creek Boulevard, Dallas. The house is of Indiana limestone, for frank reasons of sentiment on the part of Mrs. Owsley. The piece de resistance of their April garden is a bed of Texas blue-bonnets, for frank reasons of sentiment on the part of her husband. The name Owsley Bells was first associated with a seventeenth century

tavern in England, whence the Owsley family emigrated to Virginia and began to push west with the frontier. Alvin's great-grandfather was the fourteenth governor of Kentucky.

Alvin M. Owsley, junior, aged six, has made up his mind to follow the law: University of Texas, then Harvard, is father's program for him. Thomas David Owsley, three, wants to ride on a policeman's motorcycle before committing himself as to a choice of career, and Lucy Ball Owsley, who comes in between the two boys, seems to have about concluded that a woman's place is in the home. At least she keeps mighty busy picking up the toys that Tom throws about the nursery floor.

Won in the Tenth

(Continued from page 4)

President Bob Quinn of the Boston Americans and Legionnaire President W. E. Benswanger of the Pittsburgh Nationals. Henry L. Doherty, head of Cities Service Company, which had outfitted and otherwise helped nearly two hundred of the teams in various sections of the country, saw the first game and complimented the Legion on the success of its work with the boys.

Of prominent Legionnaires also there were more than a few—National Adjutant James F. Barton, National Vice Commander Richard F. Paul, Maurice F. Devine, National Committeeman from New Hampshire, Wendell Crowell, New Hampshire Department Commander who as athletic officer some years ago made that State one of the foremost in junior baseball activities, Jimmy Rose, Department Commander of Massachusetts, and many others.

As always, the major leagues sent two of their regular staff of umpires, Dan Barry of the American League officiating for the second successive year, and being joined by Charley Donnelly of the National League. They did a fine job. A play-by-play account of the games went over a National Broadcasting Company hook-up to stations all over the country, Charles O'Connor and George Hicks going up from New York to spell each other in the work of telling it to the world.

In the first game of the series with the score 2 to 0 against them in the last half of the ninth, the New Orleans boys pulled the game out of the fire with a hit something like that final one of Jimmy Fraiche, made by Joe Graffagnini, pitching for the Western sectional winners. The following day, in a game that several times saw each team forge ahead, the two nines battled for twelve innings to a 5-5 tie before the

umpires called the game on account of darkness. The third game, the only one that was not closely contested, was won by Springfield with a 5-1 count.

It was the third year in which a New Orleans team represented the West in a Junior World Series final, and the first time that a team from the Louisiana city came out on top. When it is borne in mind that some 400,000 boys in forty-eight States go through a season of play that exposes them to chances of defeat in several elimination contests, that sort of showing is remarkable.

In winning, New Orleans played heads-up ball throughout, but its margin of victory over Springfield was mighty small. The Springfield boys needed no apology in defeat. They manfully congratulated New Orleans and the next morning the two teams and their coaches and managers set out for the White Mountains, to view the Old Man of the Mountain, take the cog railway up Mount Washington, spend the night at the Mount Washington Club and watch the grand spectacle of the sun coming up over the surrounding peaks. The trip back to Manchester and home was halted at Lake Winnepesaukee, where they enjoyed rides on speed-boats.

The Howard Savage loving cup went to New Orleans for one year by virtue of its winning the championship. Each of the winning players received a blue and gray sweater coat like that given the big league world champions, and a pocket watch. The New Orleans players were taken to all the games between the New York and Chicago teams competing for the world's championship. The Springfield players were given wrist watches. The Joe McCarthy cup, given by the popular manager of the Yankees to the player displaying the best sportsmanship in the

series, was awarded to Silvio Giovannelli, the Springfield pitcher who had a valiant part in the box in every one of the four games and who showed a dogged courage that was a high light of the series.

And while we're mentioning names, let's not forget James F. O'Neil, of Manchester, ex-Top Kick Jimmy O'Neil, treasurer and man-of-all-work of the corporation formed to carry out the plans for putting the series over. For months Jimmy worked his head off on details which would assure the success of the series. The Manchester *Union-Leader*, of which Jimmy is the city

editor, covered the games in an extremely thorough, intelligent manner, and the Manchester merchants and officialdom from Mayor Damase Caron down co-operated wholeheartedly.

"Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere," said Macaulay, borrowing from the language of the turf and its most glamorous figure, a horse that never lost a race, to set forth the pre-eminence of Boswell as a biographer. Using that same language one may well say that in the race for pre-eminence in staging a junior world series Manchester wins going away.

They Come to Look, but Stay to Buy

(Continued from page 19)

numerous in stores than stout ones. This is partly because they occupy less high-priced floor space behind counters. The fat ones do not display goods to best advantage. Still another objection to stout saleswomen is that their weight adds to the chances of their having tired feet—and nothing takes a woman's mind off her work so quickly as tired feet. However, a few places in a department store need stout women. If, in spite of her weight, she is able to exercise a degree of girth control and be stout-but-stylish, she is the ideal type to sell the more ample sizes of suits and cloaks. An enormous woman, trying to buy a suit, feels more comfortable when dealing with a bulky sister than with a wisp of a clerk who could hide behind an oar.

Young women clerks selling children's wear are usually picked for their innate fondness for children and their patience in handling them.

Similarly, women who sell toys are young and jolly, able to laugh at funny antics of a mechanical toy. One would feel apologetic over buying a funny toy from a clerk with a gloomy face.

A matter-of-fact salesgirl, who shows no curiosity, or surprise, is best to sell lingerie. As already mentioned, much of the higher-priced lingerie is sold to men, and a man would be ill at ease if he had to deal with a woman who thought his purchases were anything more than a natural routine transaction. Much the same is true of selling hosiery. As women's stockings are often bought by men, the clerk must not be flirtatious, or giggly.

I know of a big store which laid plans to eliminate from its sales force all young women having spurious blonde hair—especially if the artificiality were too evident. But the manager of the store promptly dropped the plan when he found that many of these self-made blondes ranked high in sales records. Perhaps the very fact that a woman has enough initiative to try to alter the work of nature to suit her own requirements is in itself an indication of a kind of ability.

Both merchants and clerks in stores

know that within certain limits customers are almost childlike in their willingness to be led or directed. Even the effect of so trifling a stimulus as a strip of red carpet leading from an elevator toward a certain counter is fairly predictable. The customer's intelligence tells him he isn't compelled to walk on that carpet. But he doesn't stop to use his intelligence. Two out of three customers follow the carpet and then find themselves looking into a showcase where unusually alluring bargains are cleverly displayed.

One store kept a definite record of the increase in sales of a certain type of gown when a model of it was displayed with a spotlight on it at a strategic point in the store. If the light was too strong, customers felt a bit suspicious; but if strong enough to make customers notice the gown without realizing what had made them look, then the light was an effective sales agent.

It is doubtful if any human mood that could show itself in a big store is beyond range of scientific analysis to determine how that mood may be related to a buying impulse. A fit subject for such scientific analysis would be the deterrent effect on sales of having a shopper accompanied by a friend. Here is the salesgirl's greatest aversion—women customers who come in pairs.

It is even worse than having a woman accompanied by her husband. If a woman comes with her husband and they wish to buy a rug, the salesgirl has only to satisfy two people who are going to use the rug. But if the woman buyer is accompanied by another woman, the salesgirl must not only convince the buyer that the rug she likes is suitable for her needs, but also that her friend doesn't think she is foolish to like it. In other words, the buyer must like the rug, the friend must like it, and the buyer must be assured that the friend isn't just being polite. Perhaps the buyer is unsettled in her own judgment because the friend does like it, because she recalls a horrible rug she once saw in her friend's home. It is indeed no joke trying to suit two women at once!

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32x4	2.75	32x4.75	2.25
33x4	2.75	30x4.95	2.60
34x4	3.25	31x5.00	2.90
32x4 1/2	2.95	30x5.00	2.60
33x4 1/2	2.95	32x5.25	2.65
34x4 1/2	2.95	30x5.25	2.65
35x5	3.25	31x5.25	2.95
33x5	3.25	32x5.50	2.95
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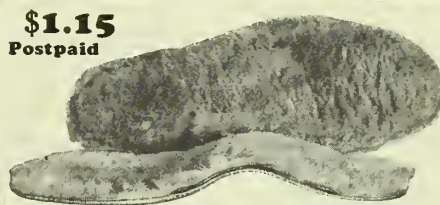
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Let Us Go Forward to the Heights

(Continued from page 7)

flower to show that he had ascended the mountain to the point where trees no longer grew and only mountain flowers could be found amid the snow and ice. As the day ended the fourth and last returned; empty his hands, bleeding his feet. They taunted him with failure, but he replied, "Ah, no. To the heights to which I ascended, there were neither trees, nor flowers—naught but snow and ice—but from that awful height I saw the open sea beyond."

My million comrades, in the days of '17 and '18, we ascended the mountain and saw beyond the open sea of duty, loyalty and patriotism, and in the year of 1933 I call you to the heights again, asking you to see with me the open sea of '17 and '18 in carrying the Legion flag to the greatest heights yet attained. If you will follow, God permitting, we will go there.

* * * *

SOMETHING like eight hundred requests for speeches have reached the National Commander's office in the two weeks since the adjournment of the Portland National Convention. This is a gratifying testimonial to the dignity and importance with which his office is re-

garded—I can hardly accept the statistics as a tribute to the man himself before anyone has had a chance to get acquainted with him—but it presents a problem in elementary arithmetic to which the answer is simply that it can't be done. Just take a calendar and a geography and try to divide eight hundred places in forty-eight States into some three-hundred-odd days. And maybe all the invitations are not yet in.

It is my purpose to be guided in my journeys into the Legion by the programs and wishes of the Department Headquarters. This is both the courteous and the expeditious way of handling the matter. For my own part, in the interests alike of efficiency and economy, I want to have my itinerary arranged so that I can cover the most ground at the greatest possible saving in time and space—and in that way I can make the maximum number of visits to individual communities.

At present I am where I think you believe I ought to be—at National Headquarters. It is essential that I see the wheels of the Legion's central power plant in motion before I go out into the field to tell how those same wheels go round. Is it

fair to stand on the platform and attempt to talk with only a surface idea of the thing one endeavors to talk about? I hope my comrades will agree that before I start visiting the Departments, I should endeavor to fully inform myself about affairs at National Headquarters.

* * * *

THERE is just time for me to add this word before the Monthly goes to press.

Election Day is at hand. *Vote.* How you vote is for your own intelligence and your own conscience to decide. But *VOTE.* If you fail to exercise this paramount privilege of American citizenship, provided you are physically able to do so, then I ask, do you not affront whatever intelligence you have?

Election Day always falls on the anniversary of some critical day in the final phase of the great victory of the Meuse-Argonne. Think back fourteen years! Recall the supreme effort that a million and a quarter of Americans, yourself perhaps among them, were putting forth for America then! Do you not owe America the duty of putting forth a little effort on November 8th?

I beg of you to *VOTE!*

The Year Ahead

(Continued from page 31)

undertook to erect them, according to George E. Sullivan, Commander of the Second Illinois Division, all without any cost to the town government or to citizens outside the Post.

Illinois Civil Service

DUE to abridgement, the section of the Rights and Benefits Summary in the August issue which related to civil service preference in Illinois did not make clear the extent of the preference provided. Dean G. Curry, secretary of the State Civil Service Commission, Springfield, Illinois, writes as follows:

"Section 10 of the Civil Service Law of Illinois provides: Persons who were engaged in the military or naval service of the United States during the years 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1902, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1919, and who were honorably discharged therefrom . . . who are now or may hereafter be on inactive or reserve duty in such military or naval service, not including, however, persons who were convicted by court martial or disobedience of orders . . . shall be preferred for appointment to civil offices, provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the

duties of said office, and it shall be the duty of the examiner or commissioner certifying the list of eligibles who have taken the examinations . . . to place the name or names of such persons at the head of the list of eligibles to be certified for appointment."

Mr. Curry adds as an example: "If a person, not a war veteran, takes a civil service examination and qualifies with a grade of 90 and a person who is entitled to preference as indicated by the law takes the same examination and qualifies with a grade of 75, the name of the war veteran making the grade of 75 is placed at the head of the eligible list and is certified for employment before the non-veteran."

Tennessee Farm Plan

THE State of Tennessee is not carrying out at this time any program of assisting service men to settle on farms, according to a letter from W. J. Fitts, Commissioner of Agriculture for that State, which was inspired by the publication in the Monthly for August of the terms of a Tennessee soldier settlement law enacted during the war period.

"There has never been any provision made for financing such an act by appropriation, and the State at this time is not in a position to finance the scheme as out-

lined in the original legislation," writes Mr. Fitts.

The Legion Protests

THE need of immediate vigilance by The American Legion to prevent the adoption of extreme economy measures at the expense of the disabled service man was indicated by a bulletin of the National Legislative Committee in August which called attention to the fact that the Legion at the last session of Congress defeated attempts to repeal veterans' laws affecting 123,320 veterans and their dependents and to reduce benefits by \$48,713,000.

"The defeat of these proposals was indeed an unprecedented victory for our organization," the bulletin stated. "It is evident, however, that our fight for the disabled has just begun. A joint veterans' committee was created under the Economy Bill to study all existing veterans' legislation and report back to Congress on January 1, 1933, where economies can be effected. This committee will not meet until after the November elections, so that it will have little more than a month to devote to the consideration of laws upon the statute books which have received more than thirteen years of consideration."

John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

the Legion's National Legislative Committee, endeavored to have the special committee of Congress begin its task earlier than November. He stated in a letter to the committee that he could not understand the four months of delay in taking up a subject of such magnitude. He explained the Legion's position as follows:

"Our suggestions are that the joint committee ascertain those facts openly and let these facts be known to all. Such action will inspire confidence.

"While the Legion has always assumed the role of protector for the disabled, we have advocated only measures which we consider fair to both veterans and the nation which pays the bills. The four million veterans and their families do not constitute a group apart, but must bear their share of the national tax cost, like all other citizens. Our interests are inseparably bound up with those of the nation."

Previously, the National Legislative Committee had distributed widely a statement to refute the often-quoted generality that the Government is spending a billion dollars a year on World War veterans. The committee's statement gave actual expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, as follows:

Administration costs of the Veterans Administration for veterans of all wars, including medical and hospital service and soldiers' homes	\$115,528,795
Printing and binding	160,000
Compensation for disability incurred as result of World War service	204,620,000
Disability allowances for World War veterans suffering from disabilities not connected with service	104,277,000
Disabled emergency officers of the World War, retirement pay	11,046,000
Compensation for service-connected World War death paid to widows, orphans and dependent parents	36,284,000
Army and Navy pensions for death and disability not necessarily connected with the service:	
Civil War	\$97,221,000
Spanish War	116,396,000
Regular Establishment	7,127,000
	225,850,000
Military and Naval Insurance (a government debt for which the Veterans paid nearly \$500,000,000 in insurance premiums out of their own pockets)	117,000,000
Hospital and Soldiers' Homes construction for the veterans of all wars	12,877,000
State and territorial homes for disabled soldiers (Federal contribution)	722,000

Adjusted Service Certificate Fund (Annual government payment on adjusted compensation).

100,000,000

\$928,387,795

This table brings out the fact, too often conveniently overlooked by critics, that \$217,617,000 of the current appropriations for veterans are for pensions to Civil War and Spanish-American War veterans, and that other expenditures are not for the benefit of World War veterans exclusively, as has been carelessly charged.

Outriding the Depression

INTRODUCING William F. Franket of Jefferson Post of Louisville, Kentucky, who sends this bulletin from Wayland, New York:

"Three weeks ago I started from the office on a trip. It was understood it wasn't a sales trip. Not now, just a swing to see our good customers and keep the old reliable supplies in their minds when better days came. Suffice it to say I've paid my way around the circuit. Sure, business isn't good but there really seems to be some when it is sought out.

"Today I was in Rochester—as also yesterday. Tonight I have in the mail going to the mill an order totaling better than \$7500, and one wired in from Syracuse worth \$1000. And within a week there will be approximately \$1200 worth more following. Oh I know it's not happening every day.

"Tonight I might have stayed in Rochester to celebrate. The temptation was great. But here I am in Wayland forty miles south—reckoned 'close to 2000 souls' according to the fat, jovial innkeeper. I've got a room with running water and one bulb and am ready to turn in knowing that I can see my one prospect early in the morning and get on into Buffalo by noon. Had I stayed in Rochester and come down in the morning, I would have consumed all one day seeing just this one prospect.

"Then—boom! And a clear clarion note fills the air. As I look out the window, lo and behold, since checking in, a big platform has been drawn up in the street beside the hotel. The village folks are gathering afoot and by machine. Of course I'm human. Down I come to look the place over.

"Music fills the air—the latest tunes and the oldest. The bass drum says—American Legion Band—Wayland, New York. They are uniformed—except three or four. What! Two girls, trumpeters, and three or four youngsters not over twelve or thirteen years. They are uniformed! Well that bass horn player might very well have been in the World War—more likely the Spanish-American.

"Boy, I am right back home, twenty years younger. This is real. Who said America was through? The spirit of America moves in just one direction—and that's forward, onward. (Continued on page 60)

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The Year Ahead

(Continued from page 59)

"Hell! I'll get an order in the morning."

Postscripts

THE Past Commanders Club of Square Post, Chicago, only meets when a Friday happens to fall on the thirteenth day of a month. . . . The first schoolhouse in Closter, New Jersey, built in 1863, and used during subsequent years as a church, a lodge hall, a colored meeting house and headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan, is now the clubhouse of LeRoy S. Mead Post of Closter, which has remodeled the building. . . . Curtis G. Redden Post of Chicago was presented with a flag made by Sarah Wilson, great-grand-daughter of Betsy Ross, during the war the colors of the 149th Field Artillery. . . . Fire insurance rates in Sabbathus, Maine, came down substantially when Harry J. Conway Post volunteered to serve as the village fire department. . . . Colorado Springs (Colorado) Post performs a service to its community by giving information about scenic points to strangers visiting the city; "Ask the man with the Legion button" is the notice printed regularly by the post in weekly publications circulating among visitors. . . . When Wilbur F. Pierce Post of Farmington, New Mexico, put on an air show to inaugurate the airport it

built for its town, 2,500 Navajo Indians stood in line to take flights in six planes.

Roll Call

LOUIS A. JOHNSON, whose first greeting to The American Legion after being elected National Commander at the Portland convention appears in this issue, is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, Virginia. . . . W. O. Woods is Treasurer of the United States and a member of Victory Post in Washington, D. C. He is the author of a book, "The Story of Uncle Sam's Money." Thomas J. Malone belongs to Theodore Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota. . . . Fairfax Downey is a Legionnaire of Second Division Post of New York City. . . . Alexander Gardiner belongs to Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut. . . . A. B. Bernd is a member of Joseph N. Neel, Jr., Post of Macon, Georgia. . . . John H. Parker, United States Army, Retired, famed as "Machine Gun Parker," is a member of Santa Barbara (California) Post.

Among the artists who made illustrations for this issue: Remington Schuyler belongs to Westport (Connecticut) Post. . . . Herbert M. Stoops is a member of Jeff Feigl Post of New York City.

PHILIP VON BLON

Highball!

(Continued from page 36)

lady became the Sweetheart of the A. E. F. "In August, 1917, the regiment was ordered for guard duty at various points along the railroads between New York and Virginia, the band making its encampment on the outskirts of Richmond. Please note that the 47th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., was the first Northern outfit stationed in or about Richmond since 1865. In October, the regiment was assembled for the first time as a unit at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

"The bandsmen entered into the necessary work of chopping down trees, uprooting stumps and laying out company streets, digging drains and other details in establishing the camp, and in addition gave nightly concerts. During the training period, the 47th, like other regiments, was broken up, some of the men transferred to units of the 27th Division, but a nucleus remained of the skeletonized outfits and our 47th Regiment became the 53d Pioneer Infantry, and the band remained with us. In August, 1918, our new regiment, including our band, was ordered to France, where we were assigned to the First Army Corps and served with the 2d, 5th, 26th and 90th Divisions at St. Mihiel and with

the 77th, 28th, 35th, 1st, 78th, 80th, 42d, and 82d Divisions; also with the 11th Engineers.

"After the Armistice, we were recruited to forty-nine men, besides sixteen extra musicians, and played for Generals Pershing, Liggett and Bullard, and Marshal Foch. Three distinctive orchestras were formed from our group of versatile musicians, many of whom have since been engaged with Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie and others of since-the-war fame.

"Returning to the States, the band was again re-organized, and re-enlisted with the 47th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., until the forming of the 27th Ammunition Train, Q. M. C., when the musicians were honorably discharged, since the new unit rated no band. In our present organization, there are but six of the original band left, these six deciding to keep the traditional name of the 47th Regiment. Others have been recruited from former A. E. F., National Guard and Reserve units. Our pioneers are Lieutenant John T. Tucker, bandmaster, musicians V. R. Wehr, G. Fleischman, H. Schaudt, William Momaratus, and myself. The present band

has taken part in many public demonstrations, park concerts, veterans' meetings and radio broadcasts."

A VETERAN of the famous Rainbow Division, Fred R. Long of 28 South Arlington Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, now Chaplain of Federal Post of the Legion in that city, recalls in a letter to us an interesting episode of the war and hopes he might contact another veteran who shared his experience:

"While serving with Battery E, 150th Field Artillery, 42d Division, I was gassed at Fere-en-Tardenois, France, and eventually shipped home as a casual on the *Northern Pacific*, then being used as a hospital ship.

"The ship went aground off Fire Island, just outside of New York Harbor, at two o'clock in the morning of January 2, 1919. From my bunk, third from the bottom, I was thrown out on top of a wounded man and we rolled together to one side of the compartment, as the ship was listed forty-five degrees. The other war patient didn't tell me his name or outfit, but I helped him back into his bunk in the dark. He may read this, if still living, and remember the incident. I would like to write to him.

"After three days we were taken off by means of eight ropeladders. I was put on the torpedo boat *Upshur*. I would like to hear also from some of the sailors on that ship."

ALL men who have an interest in national defense know well the importance of the U. S. Army Reserve Corps, and either participate in or have friends who each summer attend the training camps of the Reserves. In his article, "Doughboy—1932 Model," in the April Monthly, Robert Ginsburgh states, after a reference to the very limited Regular Army which our country had on April 6, 1917, that "As for reserves, they hardly existed. The country in 1917 was still laughing over the banquet of the late Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts for the sixteen members of the Reserve Army of the United States, only nine of whom he could muster for the occasion."

Past Commander A. T. Schenck of Moscow (Idaho) Post of the Legion and now residing at 334 Main Street, Portland, Oregon, wrote to the Monthly expressing his interest in the reference made to the Reserves of 1917 and goes on to say:

"I happen to be one of those sixteen men and am wondering who the others were and where they are now located. You might be interested to know something about the organization of this small group.

"Under provisions of Section 23, Act of 1903, and as outlined in G. O. 57 W. D., 1909, a law was passed in which it was contemplated that a volunteer army would be formed in peace time similar to what we now call the Officers' Reserve Corps, etc. It is true that on December 15, 1915, the late Senator Gardner banqueted our whole 'army' in Washington, D. C. I received an invitation to attend but being in San

Francisco at the time, was too far away. To be exact, nine of the men attended the banquet and the Pathé newsreel people took a picture of the 'army' standing on the Capitol steps.

"It so happened that I constituted the entire force of the Heavy Artillery. We had one Light Field Artillery man, several in the Quartermaster Corps, and the rest were in the Infantry.

"When the National Defense Act of 1916 was enacted all of us were commissioned in the Officers' Reserve Corps and on May 8, 1917, were called to active duty. I would be much interested to know just who were members of this old gang of volunteers."

REUNIONS? Besides the great number being held throughout the country, at least eighty of them—ranging from three-to-four-men get-togethers to big time banquets, smokers and business meetings—took place during the period of the Legion national convention in Portland, Oregon, in September. The next national meeting of the Legion will take place in Chicago, Illinois, certainly a centrally-located city, next fall, and some outfits have already voted to follow the Legion there.

Until the convention reunions grow in number, they will be included in the general list. Announcements will be published in this department provided information regarding reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the activity is scheduled.

U. S. NAVY AND NAVAL RESERVES—Reunion of all units at Naval Armory, Chicago, Ill., under auspices Naval Post of the Legion, Oct. 29. B. C. Getsinger, reunion committee, Box 176, Chicago.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. OF N. Y.—Annual Armistice dinner and reunion, Nov. 12, Hotel Lafayette, 9th st. and University pl., New York City. All 4th Div. men invited. Thomas Fox, Box 382, Brightwaters, L. I., N. Y.

EIGHTH DIV.—Proposed organization of divisional association. Former members report to Owen C. Trainor (ex-320th F. S. Bn.), 1247 Daisy av., Long Beach, Calif.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—The *Rainbow Reveille* is your national association magazine. Send name and address to K. A. Sutherland, editor, 1213 Sonora av., Glendale, Calif.

78TH INF.—Proposed reunion. John S. Pyle, 334 Bakewell bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

137TH INF., CO. L, 35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, American Legion clubrooms Emporia, Kans., Jan. 1, 1933. Roy Willford Riegle, Emporia.

138TH INF., CO. L—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 11. J. J. Sullivan, 3856 Florissant av., St. Louis.

109TH F. A., BTRY. F—Annual reunion-banquet, Hotel Redington, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 12. W. Charles Gallagher, 157 Willow st., Wilkes-Barre.

136TH F. A., BTRY. E, 37TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 12. William Carson, secy., 5735 Adelphi st., Cincinnati.

ARMY ARTILLERY UNITS: 62D C. A. C., 67TH C. A. C., 40TH R. R. ART., 1ST ANTI-AIRCRAFT, 1ST ARMY ART. PARK—Annual reunion, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 5. Albert H. Roche, 782-15th av., San Francisco.

34TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion of former members in Southern California. Theo. Terrones, 2326 S. Flower st., Los Angeles, Calif.

66TH ENGRS.—To complete roster, former members write to Clyde V. Grant, ex-1st Sgt., Co. D, 2315-21st st., Santa Monica, Calif.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—14th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 12. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2200 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

Co. B, 302D M. P., 1ST ARMY CORPS M. P. Co., and 251st Co., M. P.—Reunion, Brooklyn Labor Lyceum, Willowghby & Myrtle aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 10. Benj. J. King, 823-68th st., Brooklyn.

496-197TH (FORMERLY 200-201ST) AERO SQDRNS.—Annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 12. Frank D. Van Valkenburg, 72 Simcoe st., Oyster Bay, N. Y. U. S. Nav. Air Sta., Halifax, N. S.—Letter reunion. J. L. Nicholson, 601 Glenwood, Ottumwa, Iowa.

NATIONAL ASSOC. OF AMERICAN BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Organized at Portland, Ore., during Legion national convention. Men of all balloon organizations are requested to (Continued on page 62)



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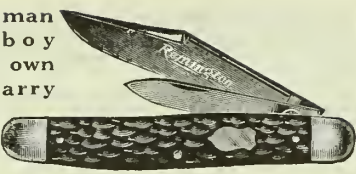


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(Continued from page 61)

send their names, addresses, and outfit name and number to Willford L. Jessup, *Daily News Searchlight*, Bremerton, or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., 83d Div.—Association organized. To complete roster, report to A. F. Vetter, P. O. Box 142, Auburn, Ind.

320th MED. CORPS and SAN. TRN., 80th Div.—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 8. Dr. M. W. Pilgram, 114 No. Main st., Sharpsburg, Pa.

WORLD WAR SUBMARINE VETS. ASSOC.—All men who served on submarines, at bases or on tenders are asked to file their names and addresses with Harry E. Elliott, National Exec. Off., 817 Anaheim st., Long Beach, Calif.

U. S. S. *Lakeview*—Letter reunion. George A. Nimeskern, 23 Willard st., West Quincy, East Milton P. O., Mass.

U. S. S. *Rhode Island*—Reunion in conjunction with Legion national convention, Chicago, Ill., fall of 1933. S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

TUSCANIA SURVIVORS ASSOC.—15th anniversary reunion, during World's Fair at Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4-6. Leo V. Zimmermann, historian, 5502 W. Washington blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—14th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 12. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

BASE HOSP., CAMP MCARTHUR, WACO, TEX.—Reunion of men who served under Lt. Col. S. W. French, 1917-18, in Chicago, Ill., during 1933. Sam L. Iskiwiche, 4257 Archer av., Chicago.

56TH PIONEER INF., Co. I, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Report to L. M. Maloney, c/o Court House, Washington, Pa., or Jas. J. Reardon, P. O. Box 164, Millsboro, Pa.

13TH RY. ENGRS.—Annual convention, Chicago, Ill., June 16-17, 1933. James A. Elliott, 1216 Cumberland st., Little Rock, Ark.

157TH INF., 40TH Div.—Annual reunion at the Armory, 1240 Broadway st., Denver, Colo., Nov. 11. A history of the regiment has been completed by Maj. John H. Nankivell. Former members interested in its publication, write to George East, secy., Platteville, Colo.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

109TH MIL. POLICE, Co. B—Capt. Oscar L. KEATING, Lt. Victor H. MILLER and Gerald L. DUFFY, 1st Sgt. Wm. H. KRUEGER and Sgts. ELROD, O'SHARNESSEY, DICKEY, MENKEN, McMAHON and HUDSON, who remember following disabilities suffered by Supply Sgt. Harry E. BURGESS: Slightly gassed due to leaky mask at gas training school, Camp Cody, N. M., Nov. 1, 1917; rheumatism suffered in Feb., 1918, Cpl. Joseph SMITH and Mech. Adler PETERSON being in hospital at same time; poisoned by bad food, entire company sick at time; in France, Apr. 1919, leg injured in motorcycle accident, and in base hosp. account injury and also mumps.

CRETE, Leo. Born Apr. 30, 1899, enlisted Aug. 16, 1917, discharged June 25, 1919; re-enlisted June 27, 1919, discharged June 26, 1920; 8-130485. Carried government insurance of which mother, Sophie CRETE, was beneficiary. Missing.

15TH F. A. BTRY, E, and 306TH AMMUN. TRN.—While with 306th Ammun. Trn. at Camp Jackson, S. C., Thomas J. CUNNINGHAM, Jr., suffered severe attack of tonsillitis while on leave; leave extended and later returned to camp; operation on tonsils delayed account bad weather; statement needed from Capt. Frank N. CARSON. Sent to A. E. F. as casual, assigned to Btry, E, 15th F. A. In Aug., 1918, on Soissons front, became sick account firing of heavy F. A. guns and loss of hearing claimed due to that. Statements from former comrades, doctors, etc., including Major Carl W. SHAFFER, M. C. Sgt. LONG.

BASE HOSP. No. 30—Capt. CLARK, M. C., who treated Maj. Herbert O. DARNALL (now deceased) for gas burns of nose and throat, sustained while regimental surgeon of 26th Inf., June 9, 1918, during attack between Montdidier and Noyon, can assist the major's widow with claim.

140TH INF., Co. I, 35TH Div.—Former members who recall Elbert W. FRANKS being gassed in Meuse-Argonne sector between Sept. 26 and 30, 1918.

310TH CAV., TROOP F—1st Sgt. Andrew McNEIL and others who recall James I. GILREIN being kicked on head by horse while drilling at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., Sept., 1918.

84TH CO., C. A. C., Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—Men serving during 1914, 1915 and 1916 who recall Barry L. GREEN having ligament in right ankle torn during field meet on or about May 4, 1915, for which he received hospital treatment.

17TH REGT., CAMP LUCE, Great Lakes Nav. Trng. Sta.—Any ship's cooks who served between Oct., 1918, and Mar., 1919, can assist Thomas Clabe VAN

HORN in establishing claim for disability.

6TH INF., Co. H, 5TH Div.—Sgts. John SINSKI, Michael PETZ, ROMANE, DUBBELSON, MOHALLY, TAYLOR and others of baseball team who recall Sgt. Anton JANKOWSKI being sent to camp hospital, Camp Forrest, Ga., for treatment of lumbago and swollen feet, winter of 1917-18; also men who recall him being sent to "Flat Foot Farm," St. Aignan, France, Oct., 1919, account flat feet and hemorrhoids.

64TH INF., Co. D—Pvts. Alfonso BOMMARITO, Clarence RUDDICK and others who recall Capt. JOHNSON suffering with rheumatism, Oct., 1918; also Pvts. HARDING, HOLLAND, George BOLING, CROSSLAND, WISEMAN, Francis MARSHALL and BELL, Sgts. VAN GORDON and Lee SEARS, and Lts. STRATTON and WHITEMAN, all of 270th M. P. Co., Pont-a-Mousson, winter of 1918-19, who remember stomach trouble suffered by same man.

U. S. S. *Arkansas*—Stephen S. KIMNITZ, Theodore E. JONES, John BURTON or other men and officers who recall illness and nervousness suffered by William I. JOHNSON, for which he received treatment on U. S. S. *Mercy*.

1ST CO., C. A. C.—Zacharias A. JONES enlisted Columbus Barracks, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1914, assigned 1st Co., C. A. C., Fort Wright, N. Y., served overseas Oct. 5, 1918, to Mar. 14, 1919; disappeared or deserted at Camp Merritt, N. J., Sept. 5, 1919. Dependents need aid with claim.

35TH CO., 9TH BN., 165TH D. B., and Co. G, 58TH INF., 4TH Div.—Calib B. KEITH, drafted from Atoka, Okla., Feb., 1918, sent to Camp Greene, N. C., and assigned to 4th Div., but no record in latter outfit. Missing since Apr. 15, 1918, and carried as deserter. Statements from comrades, including 1st Lt. Thomas L. CREEKMORE, to assist with claim.

KILEY, James Henry, 44 yrs. old, 145 lbs., 5ft., 8 in., gray and quite bald, front gold teeth, brown or hazel eyes, scar on forehead, high cheek bones and prominent nose. Served with Amb. Co. No. 356, Camp Travis, Texas, and in A. E. F. and Germany. Missing for several years. Last address, Lincoln, Ill. Information regarding whereabouts needed in connection with claim.

52D INF., Co. D, 6TH Div.—Lt. John DE FERIE and other officers and men who recall Cpl. Alvin KRAUSS of St. Marys, Pa., now deceased, having been gassed and being treated for pneumonia in hospital in France. KRAUSS died of pneumonia and widow and four small children need assistance in establishing claim.

MCARTHUR, Gordon, age 43, served with Co. B, 364th Inf., in St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Lys-Scheldt offensives. Discharged 1919. Missing since Oct. 3, 1929. Aged, penniless mother needs aid.

BASE HOSP. No. 50, Mesves, France—Pvt. BAILEY and others who recall eye disability suffered by Marion H. MARLIN and his treatment at eye clinic.

U. S. S. *Massachusetts* and U. S. S. *Mayrant*—John J. FURMAN, water-tender, Paul PAINTER, fireman 3d class, and others who served on U. S. S. *Massachusetts* in Oct., 1918, who recall flu attack suffered by John H. MODESITT, fireman 3d class, and crew of *Mayrant*, particularly Wm. B. CREPPEL, who recall pleurisy attacks suffered by same man during 1919.

BTRY, A, 8TH BN., F. A. R., and BTRY, B, 75TH F. A., Camp Taylor, Ky.—Lieutenant LANCHANTIN, battery comdr., and other officers, men and medical personnel who recall Frank Ellsworth MUSE, Sgt., suffering with severe case of flu during war. MUSE died in 1923 and widow and dependent children need aid in establishing claim.

54TH AERO SQDRN.—Men who recall back injury to Jack E. NEWSOME while assisting move Y. M. C. A. building at Waco, Tex., during spring of 1918.

25TH ENGRS., Co. C—Former members who recall James Patrick O'NEIL who taught rigging and knotting, at Camp Devens, Mass.

Co. B, 3d P. O. D. B., Camp Hancock, Apr., 1918 —1st Lt. TAYLOR, 1st Sgt. James J. KENNEDY, Ord. Sgt. Ed. SKOK, Sgt. GUNDERSON and others who recall Axel PAULSEN fainting and falling while doing physical exercises on parade ground, and being taken to infirmary. Also men in meningitis ward in hospital at Mehun, France, Mar., 1919, who remember PAULSEN, then of M. T. C., as patient.

312TH AUX. REMOUNT DEP.—John JACK, Pvt. MERRITT, Cpl. SAPHER and others who recall seeing Cpl. George STINCHCOMB being thrown over horse's head and suffering back injuries, spring of 1918, while en route to post from foundry company with material for a road-bed.

447TH AERO SQDRN., CAMP 3 A, Oregon—Olaf OSBAKEN, Lund UTNESS, HALL, Fred TRADER, Fred MELANSON, KOBER, HOLOMAN and others who recall Jack HANDLE being struck on head while at this camp.

AMERICAN ZONE MAJOR'S OFFICE, Chateaufvillain, France, 1918-19—1st Lt. Robert W. BOWMAN, zone major, Cpl. Clements A. PITTS, billeting warden, and others who recall J. O. POOLE having been patient in Camp Hosp. No. 9 for about two weeks, suffering with sinus and antrum trouble. Also major in charge of Evac. Hosp. No. 30, Mainz, Germany, May, 1919, where POOLE was patient with pneumonia or lung condition. Also while at Camp Gordon, Ga., June 17, 1919, for discharge, medical officer diagnosed him as suffering with lung condition and he was sent to convalescent ward.

SAUNDERS, Robert E., Troop B, 15th Cav., died in Wyoming, July 2, 1932. Efforts being made to locate Mary Mildred SAUNDERS, mother, other relatives, or Mrs. Bessie McCLAREY, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y.

698TH M. T. C., Paris, France, 1918-19—Members who recall George SOUTHARD being run over and injured by an English Sunbeam auto on Avenue Grande Armée, and taken to base hosp. in Paris.

30TH INF., 3D DIV.—Soldier lying wounded and gassed on stretcher in woods near Château-Thierry, July 15, 1918, who recalls stretcher-bearer equipping him with gas mask first before adjusting his own, can help John STREJCEK with claim.

15TH F. A., BTRY. A, 2D DIV.—Capt. WILLIAMS, Sgt. OLIVE and other men who recall William F. TEULKER being wounded by shrapnel during final days of war.

TROMBLEY, Edward Joseph, enlisted July 22, 1918, discharged Dec. 27, 1918; born in Marquette, Mich., Jan. 7, 1893; served with 10th Co., 3d Dev. Bn., 159th D. B., Camp Taylor, Ky. Patient in State University Hosp., Okla. City, Okla., July-Aug., 1921. Last heard from in Teague, Tex., Feb., 1922. Missing.

145TH M. G. BN., Co. C, 40TH DIV.—Henry OSWALD and other men who recall Sgt. J. R. WAUGH being kicked in stomach by a mule at Camp Kearney, Calif.

112TH INF., Co. B—Albert THOMPSON who recalls helping George E. WEST to first aid two days after capture of Chatel Chebery on Aire River, while they were manning a Chauchat rifle.

329TH INF., Co. L and 18TH DISCHARGE UNIT, Camp Grant, Ill., Feb. 12, 1919—Men who recall injury to back and leg sustained by Elmer L. WESTERHOLM about Jan. 5, 1919, at sawmill at Brest, France, account being hit with plank.

WILLIAMS, James Press (col.), serial No. 1,887,373, residence Anderson, S. C., inducted Apr. 28, 1918; 37 yrs. old, 5 ft. 10 in., wt. about 185 lbs., bright mulatto. 156th Dep. Brig. to June 2, 1918; Btry. F, 360th F. A. Discharged Mar. 15, 1919. Missing. Information wanted to assist mother with claim.

13TH C. A. C., 1ST Co.—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of one Sam E. HARRIS, who worked as electrician with Continental Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., in 1917-18. Native of Kentucky; worked also in Nashville, Tenn., and Tupelo, Miss. Statement needed from Harris in support of dis-

ability claim of Carl WILLIAMSON, former comrade.

RASTATT PRISON CAMP, Germany—Frederick A. WILLIS requires statements from fellow American prisoners who recall him suffering from kidney condition while a prisoner. Willis was member of Co. B, 327 Inf., and had been wounded when captured.

142D F. A., BTRY. B—Medical officer who removed cinder from eye of Herbert WRIGHT while on troop train en route from Newport News, Va., to Camp Pike, Ark.

33D INF., Co. B—1st Lt. Donald TIMMERMAN, 2D Lt. Martin ADAMS, Cpls. V. HANLON, P. THOMPSON, Neil LINDENBERG, R. ENTWISTLE, Pmts. SALTAN and SLIPPERLY, and others who recall H. L. WIRTZ being confined in hospital account stomach trouble.

75TH INF., Co. H—Former comrades who recall Pvt. Lyman NEILSON who died several years ago of arthritis and tuberculosis, can assist in establishing claim of his family. NEILSON was discharged at Camp Lewis, Wash., Feb. 6, 1919. His commanding officer was James B. LAWRENCE.

53D Co., TRANS. CORPS—Sgt. WREN, Pmts. CHRISTENSEN (fireman), Harry SHAW (mechanic), Ben TAUN (engr.), Rata JACK (mechanic), Capt. ROBINSON and others who recall George T. JAGGERS, hostler, sustaining injury to left ear and side of face at Bassens, France, Oct., 1918, while cleaning firebox water from injector causing hot ashes and cinders to strike him. Claims ear drum burst—now totally deaf in left ear, partially deaf in right.

114TH INF., Co. F, 29TH DIV., and 135TH INF., Co. M, 34TH DIV.—1st Lt. ARDGRASS and 2d Lt. CLARK of 114th Inf., Capt. BRISCOL of 135th Inf., and others who recall Delmar Y. JOHNSON suffering with flu at Camp Vixie (Dix?), N. J., also later at Almazco(?), France.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

Back of the Armistice

(Continued from page 17)

flushed with victory, ready for immediate movement. At Vittorio Veneto a million Italian soldiers who had just smashed all organized opposition and had captured all the military supplies of the Austrians, ready to move forward immediately, with absolutely no force before them capable of making any organized resistance. At Sedan a million Americans victorious in the Argonne, with another million in reserve, ready to move forward at once. In Belgium another Allied army of a million, in the very act of breaking through. Between them, and equally ready, another French army of another million men, equally ready to go. And at Berlin a new revolutionary government, with Prince Max of Baden in control; a prince of Bavaria, which had not yet felt the heel of an invader, and whose inhabitants were none too keen for war at any time. Looking over this situation, General Badoglio had an inspiration; one to be acted upon for its psychological value at once.

Swiftly he wrote: "To Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief Allied Armies—The Italian Army has just received the surrender at Vittorio Veneto of all the enemy opposed to it. The Allied army in Bulgaria has been equally successful. There is no organized opposition to either of them possible. Both are flushed with victory, and ready for action. The Italian high command proposes an immediate advance of five armies of a million men each, all converging upon Munich, as follows: The army of General d'Esperet, from Bulgaria, a million men; the Italian army, from Vittorio Veneto, a million men; the American army from Sedan, a million men; the French army from Chemin des Dames, a million men; and the Allied forces, French, British, Belgian and American, from Bel-

gium, another million men. The Italian army is ready to move at once. Signed, Badoglio, Chief of Staff."

This message Badoglio caused to be coded in a code it was known the Germans could decipher, and sent it at 11 in the morning. At two p. m. he had a reply from Marshal Foch, who was never slow:

"The proposal of the Italian High Command for convergence of five armies of a million men each upon Munich, in Bavaria, has been received and is approved. A slight delay for necessary preparations will be necessary, after which the movement will begin. Signed, Foch, Generalissimo."

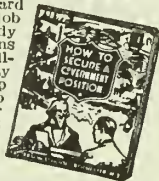
By five o'clock the same afternoon Prince Max, of Baden, the new German Chancellor, radioed for an armistice to discuss terms of peace.

The story is told substantially as General Badoglio told it to me, sitting at our ease in my quarters at Jefferson Barracks, and it throws an interesting sidelight upon the question, "Who won the war?"

Later in 1921, after the Legion's national convention at Kansas City where Marshal Foch was one of the distinguished guests, he stopped in St. Louis to receive the welcome of that city. The Sixth Infantry had just arrived after its great march and a review of troops was arranged. Again I was a member of the mayor's committee on arrangements, and elected to appear in civilian capacity as a Legionnaire rather than as commanding officer of the review, yielding that honor to Colonel Nelson after his great march. My own band led the review, however, playing the "Sambre et Meuse" in true French style, at which the marshal's eyes glistened, for it was his favorite martial music. As the band swept by the trumpeters broke into the usual flourish (Continued on page 64)

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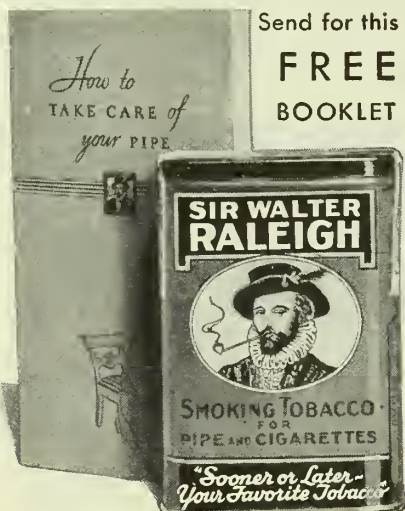
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

Back of the Armistice

(Continued from page 63)

that precedes the trumpet chorus, and the marshal murmured, "C'est tout à fait français, ça"—"It is altogether French, that."

The opportunity to have considerable quiet conversation with Marshal Foch did not present itself, as in the case of Badoglio; but as a member of the Reception Committee there was a chance to get a few words with him. To make conversation I mentioned Badoglio's visit, and the story he had told me. "Oui," said the marshal, "je m'en souviens"—"Yes, I remember it."

I have no authorization from either of the distinguished generals to tell the story. Marshal Foch has passed away. General Badoglio still lives. It cannot do any harm, nor was there any specially confidential

nature in it. "Now it can be told," subject to errors of memory; but my French was then pretty good, and it is believed there are no substantial errors in my recollections.

In all the discussions I have not heard any appraisal of the effect of the Italian victory at Vittorio Veneto, nor of the smashing success of General d'Esperet in Bulgaria. The true "battle front" was not alone in the Argonne or Flanders; it was wherever the enemy was found; and it may well be that the opportune action of General Badoglio caused the quick and entirely unexpected decision of the German government to ask for an immediate armistice and to accept the crushing terms imposed by Marshal Foch. This writer thinks so.

Better—and Maybe Bigger

(Continued from page 21)

originated the use of adrenaline (a hormone of the adrenal gland) in operations, to dam the flow of blood and modulate shock and collapse. Only last summer three American scientists working at the Carnegie Institution's department of genetics on Long Island, Doctors Oscar Riddle, Robert A. Bates and Simon W. Dykshorn, announced discovery of the hormone (a product of the pituitary) which brings about the secretion of milk in mammals. E. P. Smith, J. J. Abel, Frank A. Hartman, W. W. Swingle, Minot and Murphy. . . the list of American contributors to endocrine research stretches down endlessly.

Stretches down, in fact, to the staff of physicians and surgeons who, as indicated at the beginning of this brief summary of a remarkable and fascinating subject, are conducting in Atlanta the only free clinic in the world for the treatment of disorders of the ductless glands.

The Good Samaritan has been in operation since 1923. Its personnel is composed of specialists in every line of functional disorder, and they give their services without remuneration. The city of Atlanta and the county of Fulton both contribute to the expense of upkeep. The patients, received from schools, from courtrooms, from other physicians, or from former sufferers, are subjected to a full week of exhaustive examination. If their maladies are found to be due to glandular disturbance, they receive treatment without charge. Those able to pay are recommended to competent commercial practitioners.

More than two thousand charity cases have been handled during the existence of the clinic. This is the actual constructive result of about five thousand annual visits, for not only are many seekers diverted into other channels, but those that are retained are forced to make regular calls at the

clinic for administration of corrective glandular extracts. Treatment often lasts as long as eighteen months. Sometimes it is a matter of a lifetime.

Much of the institution's work has been devoted to elimination of goiters and goitrous inclinations which result from disorders of the thyroid. In many cases cretins, those deformed and almost idiotic children whose misfortune is due to thyroid insufficiency, have been returned to a useful place in society. Dwarfism and gigantism have been successfully combatted, and obesity resulting from glandular disturbance has been abated.

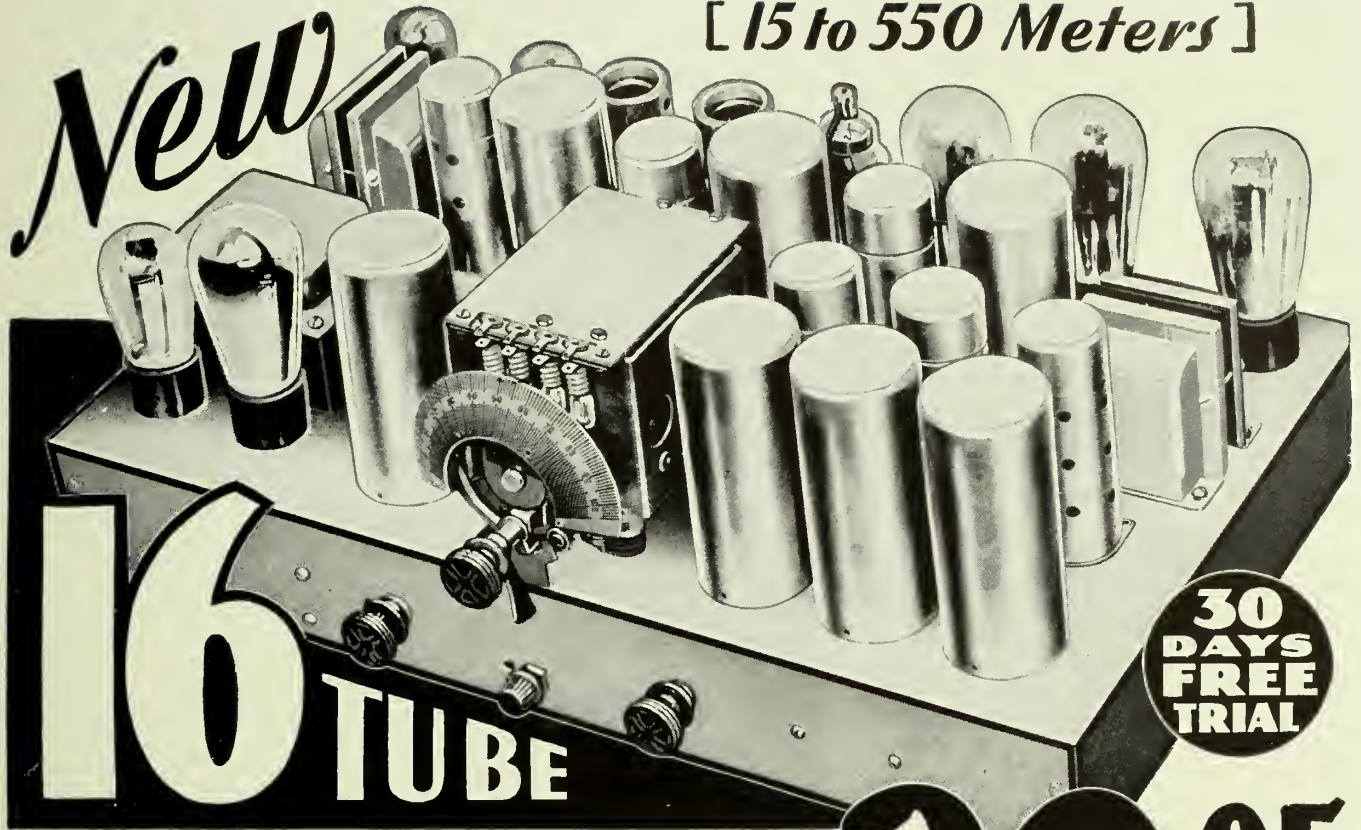
School children who were abnormally precocious have been helped, as well as many too dull to keep abreast of their fellows. Juvenile delinquency has been traced, in many instances, to endocrine disorders; and the corrective work of the Good Samaritan along this line has been so effective that when Fulton County recently hesitated to renew its appropriation to the clinic, the judge of the juvenile court appeared before the commissioners and, by his recital of results accomplished, insured its continuance.

The relation of crime to ductless gland maladies is a subject on which the Good Samaritan will speak with authority when, eventually, it publishes the results of its work. Much still remains to be done. At present the clinic is proceeding on the theory that many anti-social tendencies in the young are the result of physiological difficulties; that, as someone has written, "to ask a criminal to promise not to misbehave when discharged from prison is like asking a typhoid fever patient to promise not to have a temperature above ninety-nine degrees the next morning."

The Good Samaritan seeks to remove the disability by striking at its possible origin—the endocrine glands.

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